

# PERSIAN PEARLS

Selections from

*Durr-e Sameen (Farsi)*

By

Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup>



Translated by

Waheed Ahmad & Amatul-Malik Farrukh

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The translators allow the use of this translation during various  
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Persian Pearls: Selections from *Durr-e Sameen Farsi*

Translated by Waheed Ahmad & Amatul-Malik Farrukh

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## **Dedication**

*We dedicate this effort  
to the memory of our father, Pir Salahuddin,  
who impressed upon us the beauty and elegance  
of fine literature  
and was profoundly instrumental  
for our knowledge of the Persian language  
and our appreciation of the written word.*

Pir Waheed Ahmad &  
Amatul-Malik Farrukh



## TRANSLATORS' NOTE

*Durr-e Sameen*, literally meaning Precious Pearl, is a compilation of the poems and verses of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> (1835-1908), the Promised Messiah. The two collections, known commonly as *Durr-e Sameen Farsi* and *Durr-e Sameen Urdu*, include the Persian and Urdu poems respectively.

The Persian poetry of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> that is presented in this volume as a translation of *Durr-e Sameen Farsi* is essentially that portion that was penned over a twenty-eight year period, from 1880 to 1908 and, much like his Urdu poems, was included in the more than eighty books of prose that he wrote on various religious subjects. The period referred to above is generally considered as the period *after* his appointment as the Reformer of the Age.

The Persian poetry of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> that was penned prior to 1880 and was never included as part of his prose literature, is not included in the present translation. This pre-appointment Persian poetry has been collected under a separate cover titled *Durr-e Maknūn (volumes 1 and 2)* and was first published, in book form, in 1916.

There are several editions of *Durr-e Sameen Farsi* available today:

(1) An early edition published by Muhammad Ahmad Academy contains an Urdu translation by Dr. Mir Muhammad Isma‘īl<sup>ra</sup>. The second printing in 1967 of this edition is available on-line at [alislam.org](http://alislam.org). All contents in this edition are arranged in a chronological order.

(2) The 1990 edition published by Al-Shirkatul Islamiyya in the United Kingdom is a Persian-only version with a brief foreword and introduction in the Persian language. Its arrangement is chronological, following the pattern of the 1967 edition. It is also available on-line at [alislam.org](http://alislam.org).

(3) In 2017, a beautiful 2-volume edition of *Durr-e Sameen Farsi* was published through the efforts of Lajna Ima‘illah, Karachi, Pakistan, with Urdu translation and transliteration of Persian verses. It also contains a glossary of difficult Persian words at the end and a list of those couplets that have been

borrowed by Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> from earlier poets. This particular edition has separated the contents into three categories:

(a) Revealed Couplets and verses. There are 55 entries under this heading. Each entry consists of a single couplet or sometimes of a single verse line.

(b) Regular Poems. There are 97 entries under this heading containing some 3,049 couplets. The regular poems are of varying lengths ranging from as few as three couplets to as many as 433 couplets.

(c) Miscellaneous Couplets. There are 82 entries under this heading containing some 116 couplets. The entries consist of either one or maximum two couplets each.

Within each category, material is arranged chronologically. The entire *Durr-e Sameen Farsi* consists of some 3,193 couplets and is about 50% larger than *Durr-e Sameen Urdu*.

Due to size limitation, the present English translation covers only selections from the Regular Poems of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> (item “b” above) and does not include either the Revealed Couplets (item “a” above) or the Miscellaneous Couplets (item “c” above).

The arrangement of poems and their references given in the present translation are according to the recently published 2017 edition.

The poems of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> seldom bore any titles when they were first published. However, when these poems were compiled in one volume as *Durr-e Sameen Farsi*, the editors gave appropriate titles to some of the poems. However, the titles of the poems differ in different editions. In the present compilation, all Persian texts of the poems are referred to by the first line of the couplet. For the English translations, appropriate titles have been selected that reflect the gist of the poem, which may be helpful to a reader. In addition, to assist with referencing, all poems have been numbered in conformity with the 2017 edition. For each poem, the date of publication, the name of the book in which it appeared and page number are also included. All page numbers are with reference to *Rūḥānī Khazā'in*.

Dr. Mir Muhammad Isma‘īl<sup>ra</sup> has carried out a beautiful translation of the entire *Durr-e Sameen Farsi* into Urdu. However, no systematic translation exists in the English language. The present translation covers only a selection of some 57 poems covering about 1,037 couplets—or approximately 1/3<sup>rd</sup> of

*Durr-e Sameen Farsi*. As stated earlier, the present translation excludes his pre-appointment poems that have been published separately under the title of *Durr-e Maknūn*.

The English translation has been carried out in prose, without any constraints imposed by rhyme, rhythm or metre. Although the original Persian verses of *Durr-e Sameen Farsi* follow both rhyme and metre, it was felt that a translation in prose—without any constraints—would allow a more accurate rendering of the original text. Nevertheless, every effort has been made to convey to the reader not only the meaning of what Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> has said in his Persian poetry but also to provide some taste of how beautifully he achieved it.

However, the translating of one language into another is a difficult task, particularly when it relates to the field of poetry. Such attempts invariably involve some sacrifice of meaning as well as of diction. It is practically impossible to render all aspects of a poetic work into another language without affecting its overall literary quality and elegance. In this respect, the present translation is not expected to be above such natural limitations.

Translation of Persian text introduces an added difficulty. Compared to the English language, Persian phrases are relatively brief but still convey an immensity of meaning, particularly in the field of poetry. Difficulty is also faced with the translation of phrases and idioms that are rooted in the Persian culture and history and a literal translation may be incomprehensible to a foreign reader. In some cases, therefore, liberty has been taken to avoid a very literal translation.

The translation of several words has posed particular difficulty due to the lack of adequate vocabulary in the English language in the field of mysticism. For example, there is no good equivalent word in English for *‘irfān* or *ma‘arfa*. They both refer to the knowledge of God that one obtains during one's lifelong striving. At some places, these words have been translated as “gnosis”—a word that pertains to knowledge in general and not limited to that concerning the Infinite.

For the translators, the production of this volume has been a very rewarding and satisfying mutual effort. The style of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad's Persian poetry is along the lines of classical Persian poets of the medieval

genre of Sa'di, Hafiz and Rumi. Many of the phrases and much of the linguistic style and diction may be considered archaic by a modern-day Iranian. Between the two translators, the unravelling of the exact meanings of the Persian verses was the primary responsibility of Ms. Amatul-Malik Farrukh, who holds a Master's degree in Persian language from the Punjab University, a diploma in Persian/English interpreter-ship from NIML, and has the experience of teaching Persian language at the Iranian Cultural Centre—*Khana'-e Farhang*, in Pakistan. She was also the recipient of two gold medals from the Punjab University for her Master's studies in Persian. The renderings into English have been carried out largely by Pir Waheed Ahmad. However, with her excellent knowledge of the English language as well, Ms. Amatul-Malik Farrukh frequently revised the translation to improve fluency and diction.

It is hoped that this translation of selected poems from *Durr-e Sameen Farsi* will contribute to the reader's enjoyment and spiritual enlightenment, and thus fulfil the purpose for which Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> originally wrote the verses more than a century ago.

The reader should note that all capitalised pronouns, nouns and adjectives—such as His, Him, Dear, Darling, Beloved, Love, the One, the Pure and the Friend—are used strictly with reference to God. When used for the Holy Prophet Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>, or for anyone else, such pronouns are never capitalised. Non-Muslim readers should note that when Muslims take or hear the name of the Prophet Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>, they always add a little prayer after the name: *salallahu alaihi wa-sallam* that, when translated briefly, means *peace and blessings of Allah be upon him*. Thus, in the tradition of Muslim editorship, the abbreviation “sa” has been added as a superscript to the name Muhammad<sup>sa</sup> throughout this translation.

In the style that verses are numbered in English poetry, every fifth couplet is numbered in this volume for the purpose of ease of reference.

Finally, we would like to acknowledge the gracious help of all those persons who reviewed this translation and offered valuable advice, suggestions, and encouragement. In this context, particular thanks are due to Sheikh Abdul Wadood sahib, National Secretary Isha'at, Canada, and Muniruddin Shams sahib, Additional Wakil At-Tasneef, London, for arranging reviews of the translation at the Canada and Markaz levels respectively. The comments



received from these persons helped immensely in improving the final product. Any shortcomings or errors that remain are the sole responsibility of the translators.

Pir Waheed Ahmad, Mississauga, Canada  
Amatul-Malik Farrukh, Rabwah, Pakistan  
October 27, 2020

Post Script:

After I gave the completed draft of the translation to my sister and co-translator, Amatul-Malik Farrukh, for the purpose of final checking and review, she returned the file with this Persian couplet that she composed herself:

تو عرق خود را ریختی در کار این  
من فقط یک نقطه ام بر کار تو

“You spent your own sweat on this task  
I am just an insignificant speck for your work”

Her sincere and valuable help and extreme humility is gratefully appreciated and duly acknowledged.

Pir Waheed Ahmad

## INTRODUCTION

Born in India during the last century of the British rule, Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> (1835-1908) practically spent his entire life in the north Indian hamlet of Qadian, devoting his time to the seeking of knowledge and wisdom, and kindling the light of spirituality and righteousness among the people. One could conceivably examine the life of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> from several perspectives since he was a writer, a poet, a scholar, a preacher, a mystic, a saint, a renovator of religion, and a prophet. However, if there is one single phrase that combines all these individual facets and befittingly describes his entire life and works, it is clearly conveyed by the expression *The Reformer of the Age*. Thus, his primary function was to bring a change in the social, moral and spiritual values of the people whom he found grossly lacking in these traits and widely strayed from the pristine teachings of Islam.

Much of his reformatory effort was undertaken by the use of pen. Known as *Sultan al-Qalam*, or Master of the Pen, Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> wrote more than eighty books in Urdu, Arabic and Persian languages. His proficiency and command extended equally to all three languages and he was as comfortable composing a poem in Arabic as he was writing a treatise in Persian, or producing a philosophical discourse in Urdu.

Much like his prose, the poetry of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> is basically moralistic and religious in nature, given essentially to expounding the excellence and beauty of the religion of Islam. However, he seldom wrote a poem as a stand-alone composition. Practically all his poetry is an integral part of his various discourses in the Urdu, Arabic and Persian languages. Thus, his poems were basically intended to compliment the general theme of the book that he was writing. Although it is an uncommon writing style to mix prose and poetry in a single treatise, nevertheless it is very effective. Like jewels sewn in an elegant garment, his poems lace the pages of his otherwise extremely serious and profound discourses on religion and philosophy.

However, despite the fact that his poetry would easily measure up to the highest of literary standards, Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> was not a poet—

not at least in the ordinary sense of the word in which the image of a poet is visualised in many minds. His poetry is completely free of the typical poetic construction adopted by many Urdu poets of his time. To him, poetry was simply another medium in which to preach his message to the people. As he very aptly states himself in one of his Urdu verses:

No concern do we have with verse or versifying—  
Some may learn this way—this is our only aim.

The writings of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> cover practically every aspect of the religion of Islam. In these insightful and sagacious discourses, he takes on such varied subjects as the need for religion, the pre-eminence of Islam among the world's faiths, the nature of divine revelation, man's relationship with God, the purpose of sending prophets, the power of prayer, the reality of the hereafter, the source of knowledge, and the purpose of man's life and his progress through the physical, moral and spiritual states.

Despite their varied subjects, the gist of the entire writings of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> is the development of a personal relationship with God—a relationship that is based on due respect for God's powers and a proper understanding of His attributes. In this context, he repeatedly emphasises the importance of faith and the need to cement an everlasting bond of love and friendship with God.

The poetry of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> can be best characterised as reformatory and mystical in nature. In the Eastern culture, particularly in Islamic lands, mystical language is laced with certain allegory and symbolism with which a Western reader may or may not be completely familiar. For the benefit of the reader, therefore, some of these imageries are described below:

- To see the **Face, Visage or Countenance** of the Beloved is the ultimate objective of the mystic or the God-seeker. This Face, that lies *hidden* and *veiled*, can only be *seen* through a persistent and often life-long striving by the seeker.

- The **wine**—and by association the **wine-cup**—stand for the knowledge of God's cognisance, or gnosis, through which the seeker understands the true attributes of God.
- The **beloved's lane** is the street where the beloved resides and where the love-stricken seeker often raises a clamour to catch the beloved's attention.
- The **look of grace** is the much sought-after attention, care and thoughtfulness that one desires from one's beloved.
- The **heart** is considered to be the seat of the soul just as the brain is the seat of the mind and the intellect. Things that affect the soul are thus commonly described as affecting the heart.
- The **world** and its attractions stand for greed and avarice. The world itself is considered only a temporary place, while the hereafter is the true abode that is to last forever.
- The faith is likened to an **ark** or **vessel** that helps the believer to cross the floods and storms of evil in this world.
- The condition of the faith in the world is frequently likened to a **garden**, an **orchard** or a **tree**, that wilts with a decline in the peoples' religiosity and whose greening is earnestly desired.
- Likewise, hearts and populations that are devoid of spirituality are commonly referred to as **desert** or **barren lands**.
- **Fruits** received by the seeker as reward are invariably spiritual in nature, taking the form of visions, true dreams, insights and converse with God.

- **Autumn** and **spring** stand for the dark and bright periods for the glory of faith, while **breeze** and **spring-breeze** stand for hope, God's mercy and His blessings.
- Similarly, **day** and **night** stand for periods of spiritual enlightenment and spiritual darkness.
- **Light** invariably implies the light of spirituality that illuminates not only the possessor, but also the people around.
- The **Signs of God** are the miracles and marvels that He displays to prove the truthfulness of His favoured ones.
- The **path** and the **way** stand for the Way of Life of a true Muslim, and for the arduous undertakings through which the persistent seeker eventually finds God.
- The **pain of separation** from one's beloved is like the real pain and suffering that one feels in this world.
- **Stooping to dust**, mingling with dust or being dust—all stand for humbleness, meekness and humility that the pious use in describing themselves.
- To **perish** on the way of God is to destroy and kill one's ego and the baser self.
- **'Irfān** or **ma'arfa** in Persian mean the spiritual knowledge about God or related to God. It is generally achieved after a life-long striving and can be compared to spiritual wisdom and insights. Within the present translation, *'Irfān* and *ma'arfa* are translated simply as "gnosis".

Frequently, the author of *Durr-e Sameen Farsi* uses the first person plural—and not the singular—to refer to his own self. This is another aspect of the Eastern culture and language wherein the so called ‘royal we’ may be used instead of the usual ‘I’.

One characteristic of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad’s poetry is the use of very intimate words for the person of God. Such words reflect the very personal relationship that he has with the Creator. These words include: *Yār* (intimate Friend); *Nigār* (Beloved); *Dilsatān* (most Cherished one); *Mahbūb* (Beloved); *Jānān* (the Adored one), and the like.

Poetry—as a medium of communication—is often described as the most refined, potent and elegant manner to express our feelings. While prose is said to inform the mind, poetry is said to converse directly with the soul. For this reason, many a prophet, saints and men of God have opted for the medium of poetry to convey their message to the people.

One particular aspect of all poetry is its extreme brevity and ability to paint a vast picture with only a few brush strokes. In this respect, the poetry of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> is no exception. Quite frequently, a single word or a single phrase carries an immensity of meaning that defies adequate translation without resorting to a lengthy exegesis. Thus, no translation can do proper justice to the original verses in Persian and there is no perfect alternative to enjoying them fully except in their original language.

While all poetry requires close reading and concentration, the poetry of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> is so deep and full of meaning that a cursory and superficial reading would not do proper justice to it. The reader is therefore encouraged to reflect upon each word and each verse—savouring the profound philosophy, sagacity and beauty buried in these precious gems.

# PERSIAN PEARLS

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## مُنَاجَات

ہر دم از کاخِ عالم آوازیت      کہ یکش بانی و بنا سازیت  
 نہ کس اُورا، شریک و انبازیت      نے بکارش، و خیل و ہمازیت  
 ایں جہاں را، عمارت اندازیت      و از جہاں، برتر است و ممتازیت  
 وَحْدَہ لا شریک، حَیّ و تَدِیر      لَمْ یَزَلْ، لَا یَزَالُ مُسَدِّد و بَصِیر  
 کار سازِ جہان و پاک و متدیم      خالق و رازِ ق و کریم و رحیم  
 رہنما و مُعَلِّم رہِ دین      ہادی و مُلہِمِ عُلُومِ یَقِیں  
 مُتَّصِف، باہمہ صفاتِ کمال      برتر، از احتیاجِ آل و عیال  
 بَرِیکِ حالِ هست، در ہمہ حال      رہِ نیابد، بدو، فنا و زوال  
 نیست از عِلْمِ اُو، بُرُوں چیزے      نہ ز چیزیت اُو، نہ چوں چیزے  
 نتواں گُفت، لایس اشیاست      نے تَواں گُفتن ایں کہ، دُور ازناست  
 ذاتِ اُو، گرچہ هست بالاتر      نتَواں گُفت، زیرِ اوست دگر



## (1) FERVENT PRAYERS

Foreword, *Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 1, 1880, p. 4-7

The voice comes constantly from the palace of the universe  
That someone is its founder and creator.

No one is His companion or His partner—  
No one meddles in His affairs or is His confidant.

He is the builder of this universe's edifice  
But He is superior and distinct from these worlds.

He is One—without partners—the Living and the Powerful—  
The Eternal—the Everlasting—the Unique and the All-Seeing—

The Maker of the worlds—the Pure and the Ancient—  
The Creator, the Provider, the Noble and the Merciful— (5)

The Guide and the Teacher of the way of religion—  
The Director and Dispatcher of authoritative knowledge—

Endowed with all traits of perfection—  
Transcendent from the need for kith and kin—

Existing in one form throughout the times—  
Extinction and decay find no way unto Him.

There is nothing beyond His command—  
Neither is He made of anything nor is anything like Him.

It cannot be said that He is close to things—  
Nor can it be said that He is far from us. (10)

Although His Person is most high,  
It cannot be said that something is below Him.

ہرچہ آید، بہ فہم و عقل و قیاس      ذاتِ او، برتر است ز اں و سوا س  
 ذاتِ بیچون و چند، افتادست      وز خود و قیود آزادست  
 نہ وجودے بذاتِ او انباز      نہ کے در صفاتِ او انباز  
 ہم پیدا، ز دستِ قدرتِ او      کثرتِ شال، گواہِ وحدتِ او  
 گر شریکیش بدے، ز خلقِ دیگر      گشتے، ایں مجملہ خلق، زیرِ وزیر  
 ہرچہ، از وصفِ خاکی و خاکست      ذاتِ بیچونِ او، ازاں پاکست  
 بند، برپائے ہر وجودِ نہاد      خود، زیرِ قید و بند ہست آزاد  
 آدمی بندہ ہست، و نفسِ بند      در دودِ صد، حرص و آرز، سرنگبند  
 ہمچنین بندہ، آفتاب و قمر      بند، در سیرِ گاہِ خویش و مقرر  
 ماہِ رانیت، طاقتِ ایں کار      کہ بتابد بروز، چوں احرار  
 نیز، نورِ شید را، نہ یارائے      کہ ہند، بر سرِ ریشب، پائے  
 آبِ ہم بندہ ہست زیں کہ مدام      بند در سردی است، نے خود کام

All that can be learned through comprehension, intellect, and conjecture,  
His Person transcends above all such whims.

His Person is free of all disputation—  
And is liberated from any limitations and bounds.

Neither is there anyone His associate,  
Nor does anyone compare Him in attributes.

Everything is born through the might of His hand—  
Their abundance is a witness upon His Unity. (15)

If any creature would have been His partner,  
All this creation would have become topsy-turvy.

Everything that is earthly or has base traits—  
His incomparable Person is free of them.

He has placed shackles on everyone's feet—  
Himself—He is free of all limitations and restrictions.

Man is a slave and his person is confined—  
Snared in a hundred greed and avarices.

Likewise, the sun and the moon are enslaved—  
Bound to their own orbits and stations. (20)

The moon does not have the power in this respect  
That he shines unrestrainedly during the day.

Likewise, the sun does not possess the power  
To lay his feet in the realm of the night.

Water, too, is a slave as it is always confined  
To dampness—not being its own master.

آتش تیز، نیز، بسندِ او      در چنیں سوزشے، فگندِ او  
 گر بر آری، بہ پیشِ او فریاد      گرمیش، کم نہ گردد، اے اُستاد  
 پائے اشجار، در زمیں بند است      سخت، و رپا، سلاسلِ انگند است  
 ایں ہمہ بستگانِ آلِ یک ذات      بر وجودش، دلائل و آیات  
 اے خداوندِ حُلق و عالمیاں      خلق و عالم، زِ قدرتِ حیراں  
 چہ مُہیب است، شان و شوکتِ تو      چہ عجیب است، کار و صنعتِ تو  
 حمد را، با تو نسبت، از آغاز      نے در آں کس شریک، نے انبار  
 تو وحیدی و بے نظیر و تدیم      متنزہ ز ہر قسیم و سیم  
 کس نظیر تو نیست، در دو جہاں      بر دو عالم توئی، خدائے یگاں  
 زورِ تو غالب است، بر ہمہ چیز      ہمہ چیزے، بہ جنبِ تو ناچیز  
 ترست، ایمن کند ز ترس و خطر      ہر کہ عارف ترست، ترساں تر  
 خلق جوید، پناہ و سایہ کس      واں پناہِ ہمہ تو، ہستی و بس

Blazing fire is His servant as well—  
The heat therein is through His casting.

If you bring your entreaty unto it,  
Its heat shall not be lessened, O teacher. (25)

The roots of trees are also bound to earth—  
He has placed strong chains around their feet.

All these things are bound to that one Person—  
They are proofs and signs for His existence.

O the Master of creatures and of the worlds!  
The creatures and the worlds are amazed at Thy might.

How awe-inspiring is Thy glory and splendour!  
How wonderful are Thy deeds and creation!

The praise is associated with Thee from the beginning—  
In this respect, there is no partner or equal. (30)

Thou art Unique and Incomparable and Ancient—  
Free of all partners and peers—

No one is like unto Thee in the two worlds<sup>1</sup>—  
In both the worlds, Thou art the only God.

Thy might holds sway over all the things—  
All things, compared to Thee, are but nothing.

Fear of Thee protects from all fears and dangers—  
Each one who exceeds in gnosis<sup>2</sup>, fears<sup>3</sup> the more.

Creatures seek someone's protection and shade  
But the protector of all is Thy Person only. (35)

ہست یاد ت، کلسد ہر کاسے      خاطرے، بے تو، خاطر آزارے  
 ہر کہ نالد، بدر گہت بہ نریاز      بختِ گم کردہ را، پیابد باز  
 لطفِ تو، ترکِ طالبان نکلند      کس بکارِ رہت، زیاں نکلند  
 ہر کہ با ذاتِ تو، سرے دارد      پشت، بر موعے دیگرے دارد  
 زینکہ، چوں کار بر تو، بگذارد      روبرو بہ اغیار، از چہ روبرو آرد  
 ذاتِ پاکت، بس ست، یار کے      دل کے، جاں کے، نگار کے  
 ہر کہ، پوشیدہ باتو در سازد      رحمت، آشکار بہوازد  
 ہر کہ گیرد دَرتِ بصدق و حضور      از درو بامِ او، ببارد نور  
 ہر کہ راہت گرفت، کارش شد      صد امیدے، بروز گارش شد  
 ہر کہ راہ تو جُست، یافتہ است      تافت آں رُو کہ، سرتافتہ است  
 وانکہ از ظِلِّ قُربتِ تو، رُمید      بر درِ ہر کہ رفت، ذلت دید  
 اے خداوندِ من! گناہم بخش  
 سُوئے درگاہِ خویش، راہم بخش

Thy remembrance is the key to every activity—  
Every heart, without Thee, is an unhappy heart.

Whoever weeps at Thy threshold with humbleness,  
He finds once again his lost good-fortune.

Thy blessings do not leave the seekers—  
No one working on Thy path suffers a loss.

Everyone that keeps association with Thy Person,  
He turns his back upon the others—

Because, when he leaves his affairs unto Thee,  
Then why should he turn his face unto the strangers? (40)

Thy Person is sufficient—there is one Friend—  
One heart—one soul, and one Beloved.

Whoever makes an alliance with Thee in secret,  
Thy blessing graces him in full display.

Whoever gets hold of Thy door with truth and sincerity,  
He rains down the spiritual-light from its door and roof.

Whoever held on to Thy path, his work was done—  
A hundred hopes were inspired in his affairs.

Whoever sought Thy path, he found it—  
He illumined his face that did not turn his head away. (45)

But, whoever ran away from the shade of Thy company,  
He found disgrace at whatever door he went.

O my God! Pray forgive my sins—  
Pray grant me the path unto Thy threshold.

روشنی بخش، در دل و جانم پاک کن، از گناہ پنهانم  
 دل ستانی و، دلربائی کن بر نگاہے، گرہ کشائی کن  
 در دو عالم، مرا عزیز توئی  
 واپچہ میخواہم از تو، نیز توئی

2

## نعت

درِ دلم جوشد، ثنائے سرورے آنکہ در خوبی، ندارد ہمسرے  
 آنکہ جانش، عاشقِ یارِ ازل آنکہ رُوحش، وصلِ آں دلبرے  
 آنکہ مجذوبِ عنایاتِ حق است، همچو طفلے پروریدہ، در برے  
 آنکہ در بزرگرم، بحسبِ عظیم آنکہ در لطفِ اتم، یکتا دُرے  
 آنکہ در جود و سخا، ابر بہار آنکہ در فیض و عطا، یک خاورے  
 آں رحیم و رحمِ حق را، آیتے آں کریم و جودِ حق را، منظرے  
 آں رُخِ قرُخ، کہ یک دیدار او زِشتِ رُورا، میکند خوش منظرے  
 آں دلِ روشن، کہ روشن کردہ است صد درونِ تیرہ را، پُخولِ اخترے



Pray grant enlightenment unto my heart and soul—  
Pray purify me of the sins hidden in me—

Pray show Thy love and Thy affection—  
Pray ease my difficulties with Thy glance.

Thou alone art my Dear in both the worlds,  
And what I desire from Thee is Thy very self. (50)

## (2) IN PRAISE OF THE HOLY PROPHET<sup>sa</sup>

Foreword, *Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 1, 1880, p17-23, *Rūhānī Khazā'in* vol.1

In my heart surges the praise of that leader  
Who has no equal of his in good qualities—

He whose life is the love of that Eternal Friend,  
He whose soul has attached itself to that Beloved—

He who is absorbed in the blessings of God—  
Who was raised like a child in His lap—

He who is a mighty ocean in virtue and nobility,  
He who is a unique pearl in consummate goodness—

He who is like a spring-cloud in generosity and munificence—  
He who is a sun in benevolence and magnanimity— (5)

He is merciful and a sign of God's mercy,  
He is noble and a manifestation of God's generosity.

That blessed face, a single glance of which  
Turns an unsightly one into one that is handsome—

That enlightened heart that has illumined,  
Like as the stars, many a one engulfed in darkness—

اَس مُبارک پئے، کہ آمد ذاتِ اُو رحمتے، ز اں ذاتِ عالم پرورے  
 احمدِ آخرِ زماں، کز نورِ اُو  
 شد دِلِ مَرْدُم، ز غورِ تاباں ترے

از بنی آدم، فزوں تر در جمال و ز کالی پاک تر، در گوہرے  
 بَر کَبَشِ جاری، ز حکمتِ چشمِ در دلش، پُر از معارف، کوثر نے

بہر حق، داماں زِ غیرش، برفشانند ثنائی اُونیست، در بحرِ برے  
 اَس چرخشِ دادِ حق، کش تا ابد نے خطر، نے غم، ز بادِ مصرے  
 پہلوانِ حضرتِ ربِّ جلیل بر میاں بستہ، ز شوکت، خنجرے

تیرِ اوتیزی، بَہرِ میسداں نمود تیغِ اُو، ہر جا نمودہ، جوہرے  
 کرد ثابتِ بر جہاں، بجز بُتاں و انمودہ، زورِ آں یک قادرے

تا نمائند بے خبر، از زورِ حق بُتِ ستاؤبت پرست و بُتِ گرے  
 عاشقِ صدق و سداد و راستی دُشمنِ کذب و فساد و ہر شرے

خواجہ و، مَرعاجزاں را بندہ بادشاہ و، بیکساں را چاکرے

That blessed foot whose coming is like  
The blessings from the Nourisher-of-the-worlds;

That Ahmad of Latter Days from whose light  
The hearts of men became brighter than the sun— (10)

In the progeny of Adam, he is the greatest in handsomeness,  
And in lustre much purer than a pearl.

From his lips, a spring of wisdom is aflow—  
In his heart is a fountain that is full of gnosis<sup>4</sup>.

For the sake of God, he shook off his garment from all the strangers—  
He has no equal on the land or sea.

God has given him such a lamp that for all eternity,  
There is no danger or concern from a strong wind.

Wrestler in the Court of the Illustrious Lord—  
Gracing, with dignity, a dagger on his side— (15)

His arrow showed swiftness in every field—  
His sword showed its brilliance at every place—

He proved the impotence of the idols unto the world  
And showed the power of Him—the One Almighty—

So that they do not remain unaware of the might of God—  
The admirers, the worshippers, and the sculptors of idols.

The lover of truth, honesty and righteousness—  
The enemy of falsehood, mischief, and every vice.

Though a master, he is a servant unto the humble ones—  
Though a king, he is an attendant upon the helpless. (20)

آں تر تھم ہا، کہ خلق از وے بدید

کس ندیدہ، در جہاں، از مادرے

از شراب شوقِ جانان بنخودے در سرش، بر خاک، بنمادہ سرے

روشنی از وے بہر قوے رسید نورِ او، رخسید بر ہر کشورے

آیتِ رحماں، برائے ہر بصیرِ محبتِ حق، بنہر ہر دیدہ ورے

ناتواناں را، بر حمت، دستگیر خستہ جانان را، بہ شفقت، غم خوے

حسنِ رولش، بہ زماہ و آفتاب خاکِ کولش، بہ زُمُشک و غبرے

آفتاب و مہچہ مے ماند بُدو در دلش، از نورِ حق، اصد نیرے

یک نظر بہترِ زِ عمرِ جاوداں گرفتہ، کس را، براں خوش بیکرے

منکہ از حُسنش، ہمے دارم خبر جاں فشانم، گردہ دلِ دیگرے

یادِ آں صورت، مرا از خودِ برد ہر زماں مَستم کُند، از ساغرے

مے پریدم، شوئے کوئے او و مدام

من اگر میداشتم، بال و پرے

لالہ و ریحال، چہ کار آید مرا من سرے دارم، بالِ رُوسے و سرے

That compassion that the people saw from him,  
No one has seen it in the world even from the mother.

He is intoxicated in the wine of the Dearest's love—  
Engrossed in His thought, he has put his head in the dust.

The light from him has reached every nation—  
His spiritual-light shone over every country.

He is a sign from the Gracious for every insightful one—  
He is a proof from God for every shrewd one.

For the hapless ones, he is the helper with his benevolence—  
For the infirm ones, he is the sympathiser with his kindness. (25)

His face is more handsome than the moon or the sun—  
The dust from his lane is better than the musk<sup>5</sup> or ambergris<sup>6</sup>.

The sun and moon—what are they compared to him!  
A hundred suns are lit in his heart by the light of God.

One glance is better than an eternal life  
If it is cast, by a person, upon that handsome countenance.

I, who am aware of his handsomeness,  
I lay down my life—while another only gives his heart.

The remembrance of that face makes me senseless—  
He intoxicates me at all times through a wine-cup. (30)

I would be flying into his lane all the time  
If I had possessed feathers and wings.

Tulips and basil are of what use to me?  
My concern is with that face and head!

خُبُونِ اَو، دامنِ دل مے کشد      مُکشانم مے برد، زور آورے  
 دیدہ ام، گوہست، نُورِ دیدہ ہا      در اثر، مہرِش، چو مہرِ انورے  
 تافت آں روئے، کڑاں رُوسرِ تافت      یافت آں دَرمایاں، کہ بجزید آں درے  
 ہر کہ بے اوز و قدم، در بحرِ دیں      کرد، در اول قدم گم مہجرے  
 اُمّی و در علم و حکمت بے نظیر      زیرِ چہ باشد، مَحْتَجّے روشن ترے  
 آں شرابِ معرفت، دادش خدا      کہ شعا عَشْنِ خیرہ شد ہر اخترے  
 شد عیاں ازوے، علی الوجہِ الا تم      جو ہرِ انساں، کہ بود آں مضمّرے  
 ختم شد، بر نفسِ پاکش، ہر کمال      لا بحرّم، شد ختم ہر پیغمبرے  
 آفتابِ ہر زمین و ہر زماں      رہبرِ ہر اَسود و ہر اَحمّرے  
 مجمعِ البحرینِ علم و معرفت      جامعُ الاَسمینِ اَبر و خاورے  
 چشمِ من بسیار گردید و ندید      چشمِ چوّل دینِ اَو، صافی ترے

سالک را، نیست غیر ازوے امام

رہرواں را، نیست جزوے رہبرے

His excellence attracts the very core of the heart—  
Some mighty power is dragging me along by the hair.

I see that he is the light for the eyes—  
The effect of his love is like a brilliant sun.

That face became illumined which did not turn away—  
He found his objective whoever held on to that door. (35)

Whoever stepped into the sea of faith without him,  
In the very first step, he lost his mooring berth.

Although untutored, he is peerless in knowledge and wisdom—  
What else can be a more dazzling proof than this?

God granted him such wine of gnosis<sup>7</sup>  
That every star paled against its radiance.

Through him it dawned in the most perfect manner,  
The essence of Man that had remained hidden.

Every excellence reached its zenith on his pure person—  
Undoubtedly, every Messenger came to an end. (40)

He is the sun for every land and for all the ages—  
He is the guide for every black and white person.

He is the junction of the rivers of knowledge and gnosis<sup>8</sup>—  
The joiner of the two names of “cloud” and “sun”.

Mine eye searched a great deal but never saw  
A spring like his faith—the most purified.

For the God-seekers, there is no leader except him—  
For the travellers, there is no guide save him.

جاے اُو، جاے کہ طیرِ قدس را      سو ز د از انوارِ آں بال و پرے  
 آں خداوندش بداد، آں شرع و دیں      کاں نگر دو تا ابد، متغیرے  
 تافتِ اوّل، بر دیارِ تازیان      تا زینش را شود درماں گرے  
 بعد از اں، آں نورِ دین و شرعِ پاک      شد مُحیطِ عالمے چوں چنبرے  
 خلق را بخشید، از حق، کامِ جاں      و ا رہانیدہ، ز کامِ اثرے  
 یک طرفِ حیراں ازو، شاہانِ وقت      یک طرفِ مبہوت، ہر دانشوے  
 نے بعلمش کس رسید، نے زور      در شکستہ کبر ہر متکبرے  
 اوچہ میدارد بمدرج کس نیاز      مدرج او خود فخر ہر مدحت گرے  
 ہست اُو، در روضۂ قدس و جلال      وز خیالِ مادحاں، بالاترے  
 اے خدا، بروے سلامِ مارساں      ہم براخوانش، نہ ہر پیغمبرے  
 ہر رسوے، آفتابِ صدقِ نود      ہر رسوے، بود میرِ انورے  
 ہر رسوے بود، غلّے دیں پناہ      ہر رسوے بود، باغے مثمرے



His place is such place that for the Holy Flyer<sup>9</sup>,  
The feathers and wings are scorched by its light. (45)

That God gave him such law and religion,  
Which will not alter until eternity.

First, he shone over the land of the Arabs  
So that its evils could be remedied.

Afterwards, that light of faith and that pure law  
Surrounded the world like a canopy.

He granted, from God, the purpose of life to the people,  
And freed them from the designs of the dragon.

On one hand, the elite of the time were amazed at him—  
On the other side, every wise person was baffled. (50)

No one reached him either in knowledge or in force—  
He broke the pride of every self-important one.

What need does he have of someone's praise?  
Praising him is itself an honour for every praise-giver.

He is in the garden of holiness and splendour—  
Far above the comprehension of the admirers.

O God! Pray convey our greetings unto him  
And unto his brothers—to every Messenger.

Every Messenger was a sun of truthfulness—  
Every Messenger was a dazzling sun. (55)

Every Messenger was a protective shade for the religion—  
Every Messenger was a garden full of fruits.

گر بُدِ نیا نامدے، ایں خیلِ پاک کارِ دین ماندے سراسر اترے  
 ہر کہ شکرِ بعثِ شاں، نارو بجا ہست او آکائے حق را کافرے  
 آں ہمہ از یک صدف، صد گوہر اند مُتَّحِد در ذاتِ واصل و گوہرے  
 اُمتے ہرگز نبودہ، در جہاں کاندراں نامد، بوقتے، مُنذرے  
 اوّل آدم، آخرِ شاں احمد است

اے مُنک آنکس کہ بیند آخرے  
 انبیا روشن گھر ہستند، یک  
 ہست احمد، ز اں ہمہ روشن ترے  
 آں ہمہ، کانِ معارفِ بودہ اند  
 ہر کیے، از راہِ مولیٰ مُنجرے

ہر کہ را علمے ز توحیدِ حق است ہست اصلِ علمش، از پیغمبرے  
 آں رسیدش از رہِ تعلیم با گو شود، اکنوں، ز نختِ مُنکرے  
 ہست قومے، کچ رو و نا پاک راے آنکہ، زیں پاکاں ہمے پیچد سرے  
 دیدہ شاں، روئے حق ہرگز ندید بس سیہ کردند، روئے دفترے  
 شورِ بختی ہائے بختِ شاں بہیں ناز بر چشم و، گریزاں از خورے

If this pure group<sup>10</sup> had not come to the world,  
The affairs of the religion would have remained in ruin.

Anyone who does not render thanks to their appointment,  
He is a denier of the blessings of God.

They are all a hundred pearls from one oyster,  
Which are united in their nature, essence and brilliance.

There have never been a people in the world  
Among whom a Warner<sup>11</sup> has never appeared at any time. (60)

The first was Adam—the last of them was Ahmad<sup>sa</sup>;  
Blessed is that person who sees the last one.

All Prophets possess brilliant essence, however  
Ahmad<sup>sa</sup> is the most brilliant of them all.

All of them were a treasure of the knowledge-of-God—  
Everyone being an informer on the way of God.

Anyone who has the knowledge of God's Unity,  
The basis of his knowledge is from some Messenger.

It has reached him through their teachings,  
Although he may deny it now out of his pride. (65)

There is a nation that is strayed and impious—  
That turns away its head from these pure ones.

Their eyes never saw the face of truth—  
Though, they simply blackened the faces of the writing books<sup>12</sup>.

Look at their misfortunes—  
They pride on their sight but they avoid the sun.

چشم گر بُودے غنی، از آفتاب کس بُودے تیز بین چوں شیرے  
 ہر کہ کورست و براہش صدغناک وائے بروے، گر نذر دہرے  
 قوم دیگر را چنیں رائے ریک ورنشہ از جہالت، در سرے  
 کاں خدا، ملکہ و گر، اندر جہاں از دیارِ شاں ندیدہ، خوشترے  
 ہم دگر روئے، چور وئے خوبِ شاں نامدش مرغوبِ طبع و خاطرے  
 لاجرم، از ابتدائش تا ابد ماند و خواہد ماند، آنجا بترے  
 ملک دیگر، گرچہ میرد، در ضلال مے نگرود، زو گہے، مُستغفرے  
 داد، مریک ذرہ قومے را کتاب ترک کردہ، صد ہزاراں مغشے  
 چوں بروزِ ابتدا، تقسیم کرد در میانِ خلق، از خیر و شرے  
 راستی، در حصہ او شاں، قناد دیگران را کذب شد آبِ بخورے  
 قولِ شاں این ست کا نہ غیرِ شاں آمدہ، صد کاذب و حیلِ گرے  
 لیک نامد، نزدِ شاں یک نیز ہم آنکہ بُودے، از خدا، دیں گترے

If the eyes were to be independent of the sun,  
No one would be more keen-sighted than the bat!

Anyone who is blind and a hundred pits lie on his way,  
Fie on him if he does not possess a guide. (70)

Another group has a similar base opinion  
Which is established in their mind through ignorance—

That is that no country in this world  
Is regarded by God as better than theirs.

Also, that other than their own handsome faces,  
None others are considered delightful by Him.

No doubt, from the beginning to the end,  
His dwelling has been and shall remain in that country.

Another country, even if it dies in wickedness,  
He never inquires about it. (75)

He gave the Book to a very small nation—  
He ignored a hundred thousand groups.

When, on the day of creation, He divided  
Virtue and vice among the people,

The virtue fell to the lot of these people—  
For the others falsehood became the drinking-vessel.

Their word is that among the others beside themselves,  
A hundred liars and pretenders have appeared.

But, in their opinion, not a single ever came to them  
Who came from God for propagating the Faith— (80)

آنکہ، ایساں را، نمودے راہِ حق      درکشوے، کذب ہر کذب آورے  
 تاشدے دادار را مَحَبَّتِ تمام      بر سر ہر مُسَلِّم و مُتَنَقِرے  
 الغرض، نزدیکِ شاں، دادارِ پاک      ہست ظالم تر، زیرِ ظالم ترے  
 گو گذارد، عالمے را، در ضلال      مبتلا در پنجبہ ہر مارِ کرے  
 خود، ہمے وارو، بیک قومے مدام      ہمو شیدائے کسے، میل و سرے  
 ایں چنیں پُر حق را سے ایں قوم را      مُحَقِّقِ دیگر ایں کہ، بروے فاخرے  
 عاقبت، ایں رائے زِشتِ بد خیال      کرد ایساں را، عَجَب کور و کرے  
 چشم پوشیدند، از صد چشمہ      سرنگوں گشتند، بر یک آخورے  
 سخت و زریذند کیس، با آنبیا      الاماں، از رِکینِ ہر مُتکبرے  
 آنچہ رِکینِ شاں، بپاکاں ثابت است      از شیاطیں، کس ندارد باورے  
 خربود، اندر حماقت بے نظیر      لیکن، ایساں را، بہر موصدخرے  
 نے سر تحقیق دارند و ثبوت      نے زَند، از صدق، پابِ مَغْبَرے

Who could have shown them the right path—  
And exposed the lies of every lying person—

So that a convincing proof would be completed by the Just One—  
Upon the head of every Muslim and every Christian.

In their opinion, therefore, the Just God  
Is more cruel than every cruel person—

Because He leaves the world in wickedness  
Gripped by the talons of every pretender—

And He Himself always towards one nation  
Keeps inclined and loving—like someone's lover. (85)

Such is the foolish opinion of this nation—  
The other foolishness is that they pride on it!

Ultimately, this ugly and wrong opinion  
Turned them into unusually blind and deaf persons.

They closed their eyes upon a hundred springs  
And bowed their heads upon a fodder-tray<sup>13</sup>.

They practised intense malice against the prophets—  
May God protect from the spite of every prideful one.

Their malice, that is proven against the pious ones,  
One does not expect it even from the Satans. (90)

An ass is without parallel in his stupidity—  
But they possess a hundred asses in each hair.

Neither do they possess a head for investigation nor for proof—  
Nor do they sincerely set their foot on the ark<sup>14</sup>—

نے دوائے راشناسند، از اثر      نے نختہ شناسند، از برے  
 نے زکس پُرسند، از روئے نیاز      نے بصرفِ منکرِ خود، متفکرے  
 نے بدل پروائے ایس تفتیش ہا      کز ہمہ دیں ہا، گدائیں بہرے  
 بریکے مائل، عُدوِ صد ہزار      فارغ از فرقِ اقل و اکثرے  
 نے بدل، خوفِ خدائے کردگار      نے بخاطر، بیمِ روزِ محشرے  
 تیرہ جاناں، دیدہ ہارا و وختہ      سوختہ در کیس وری پُچولِ ثورے  
 دیدہ و دانستہ، از حق قاصر اند      دلِ نہادہ، در جہانِ غاورے  
 از برائے حق، تراشیدہ، ز جہل      دامنِ در حساتِ خودِ مہرے  
 آں خدائے شاں، عجب باشد خدا      کو، تغافل داشت، از ہر کشورے  
 بہرِ الہام آمدش، دائم پسند      یک زباں، یک خطِ کوتہ ترے  
 ایس چینیں رائے، کہا باشد دُرست      گئے خرد گردو، بمویش رہبرے  
 گئے گمانِ بد گند، بر نیکواں      آنکہ باشد نیک و نیکو محضرے



Neither do they recognise a medicine by its effect,  
Nor do they recognise the tree by its fruit—

Neither do they ask anyone by way of humility,  
Nor do they spend their own mind in thinking—

Nor do they have a concern in heart for inquiry  
As to which one of all the religions is the better one. (95)

Inclined towards one<sup>15</sup>, they oppose a hundred thousand—  
Unconcerned with the difference between “few” and “many”.

Neither is there any fear of the Creator God in their hearts,  
Nor the dread of the Day of Judgment comes to mind.

These dark souls have sewn up their eyes—  
They are aflame with spite and malice like a dragon.

They fall short of the truth knowingly and with open eyes—  
Having attached their heart with the insincere world.

For spreading the truth, they have hewed out of ignorance  
And erected permanent pulpits in their own homes. (100)

Their god is a strange kind of god,  
Who practises unawareness of every country.

For the sake of revelation, He always liked  
One language and one land—that happens to be very small.

How can such a viewpoint be correct?  
How can intellect ever guide towards it?

How can he cast ill suspicion upon the righteous ones—  
The one who is virtuous and has pious disposition?

ماہِ را گفتن کہ چیزے نیست ایں ہست دُشنامے نہ زیرِ افروز تے  
 کورگر گوید، گجا ہست آفتاب مے شود در کوری اش مرسو ترے  
 درخورِ تاباں، مکن شک و گماں تاملت را نہ گردی، درخورے  
 گر خدا خواہی، چرا گچ مے روی چوں نے ترسی، نہ قہرِ قاہرے  
 چوں نے ترسی، نہ روزِ باز پرس چوں نہ ترسی، از حضورِ داورے  
 افترائے شاں، چسپاں گشت لقیں یا خدا یب، و انمودہ دفترے  
 نورِ شاں، یک عالمے را در گرفت تو ہنوز، اے کور، در شور و شرے  
 لعلِ تاباں را، اگر گوئی کشف زیریں چہ کاہد، قدرِ روشن جوہرے  
 طعنہ بر پا کاں، نہ بر پا کاں بود خود گنی ثابت، کہ ہستی فاجرے  
 بغضِ بامردانِ حق، نامردی ست آں بشرِ باشد، کہ باشد بے شرے  
 واں کہ دیکین و کراہتِ سوخت است نفسِ دوں را، ہست صیدِ لاغے  
 صدمہ رتب بہ، نہ چشمِ اہل کیس چشمِ ناینا و کور و اعورے

To say to the moon that it is an insignificant thing,  
This is an abuse—there is no greater calumny. (105)

If a blind one asks as to where is the sun,  
He shall be particularly disgraced for his blindness.

Do not have doubt and suspicion about the dazzling sun  
So that you do not make yourself liable for meanness.

If you desire God, then why do you follow crookedness?  
Why do you not fear the rage of the Wrathful One?

Why do you not fear the Day of Reckoning?  
Why do you not fear appearing in front of God?

How did you get to believe their deception?  
Or did God open up the files in front of you? (110)

Their<sup>16</sup> light surrounded an entire world—  
But you, O blind one, are still caught in brawl and bicker.

If you call a shining ruby as opaque,  
How can it reduce the value of that brilliant gem?

Curses thrown at the pious ones do not fall upon the pious—  
You prove that you yourself are wicked.

Keeping grudge against the men of God is unmanliness—  
A man is he who is without wickedness.

And he who burns in his malice and aversion,  
He becomes a weak prey to his baser self. (115)

They are a hundred times better than the eyes of grudge holder  
The eyes that are sightless, blind or only one.

بر سرِ کین و تعصبِ خاک باد ہم بفرقِ کیں وراں خاکترے  
 جز بر پاسبندیِ حق، بندِ دگر در نہ گیرد، با خدائے اکبرے  
 ماہمہ پیغمبراں را چاکریم ہمچو خاکے، اوقتاہ بردرے  
 ہر رسوے کو طریقِ حق نمود جانِ ماقرباں، براں حق پرورے  
 اے خداوندِ مہربانِ انبیا کش فرستادی، بفضلِ اوفرے  
 معرفتِ ہم دہ، چونخشیدی و لم حصے پردہ، زان ساں کہ دلوں کا غرے  
 اے خداوندِ مہربانِ مصطفیٰ کش شدی، در ہر مقامے ناصرے  
 دستِ مہربانِ گیر، از رہِ لطف و کرم در محنتِ باش یار و یاورے  
 تکیہ بر زورِ تو دارم، گرچہ من  
 ہمچو خاکم، بلکہ زان ہم کمترے

### ہمدِ دیِ خلق

3

بدیلِ دروے کہ دارم، از برائے طالبانِ حق  
 نئے گرد و بیاں، آں درو، از تفسیرِ کوتاہم  
 دل و جانم چنان مستغرق، اندر فکرِ اوشان است  
 کرنے از دلِ خبر دارم، نہ از جانِ خود آگاہم

Perish the source of malice and prejudice—  
Also, put dust on the heads of the malice-holders.

Except for being shackled to God, there is no other bondage  
That unites one with God Almighty.

We<sup>17</sup> are the servant of all the Prophets  
And are lying on their doorstep like dust.

Every Messenger who showed the way to God,  
We offer our life for that righteous one. (120)

O my Master! With the help of the group of Prophets—  
Whom Thou sent with abundant blessings—

Pray grant me gnosis<sup>18</sup> as Thou gave me a heart—  
Pray grant the wine as Thou gave me a wine-cup.

O my Master! In the name of Mustafa<sup>sa</sup>,  
For whom Thou became a Helper at every place—

Pray hold my hand by way of grace and bounty—  
Pray be a Friend and Supporter in my endeavours—

I rely upon Thy might although I am  
Like as the dust—or even meeker still. (125)

### (3) SYMPATHY FOR THE PEOPLE

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 2, 1880 p. 73-74, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.1

The pain that I keep in my heart for the seekers of Truth,  
I cannot explain that pain through my inadequate speech.

My heart and soul are so occupied with concern for those persons  
That neither I am aware of my heart nor conscious of my soul.

بدیں شادم کہ غم از بہر مخلوق خدا دارم  
 ازیں درگذتم، کز دروے خیزد، زِ دل آہم  
 مرا مقصود و مطلوب و تمنا، خدمتِ خلق است  
 ہمیں کارم، ہمیں بارم، ہمیں رسم، ہمیں راہم  
 نہ من از خود نهم، در گوپیہ پسند و نصیحت پا  
 کہ ہمدردی برد آسجا، بہ جبر و زور و اکراہم  
 غمِ خلقِ خدا، صرف از زبان خوردن، چہ کارستایں  
 گرش، صد جاں پیاریم، ہنوزش عذر می خواہم  
 چو شامِ پُرغبار و تیرہ حالِ عالمے بنیم  
 خدا بروے فرود آرد، دعا ہائے سحر گاہم

## نصیحت

4

پیا، اے طلبگارِ صدق و صواب      بخواں، از سرِ خوض و فکر، این کتاب  
 گرت بر کتابم، فتد یک نگاہ      بدانی کہ تا جنت، این است راہ  
 مگر شرطِ انصاف و حق پروریت      کہ انصاف مفتاحِ دانشوریت  
 دو چیز است چو بانِ دنیا و دین      دل روشن و دیدہ دور بین

I am happy at this that I feel the pain for God's creatures—  
I take delight in this thing—the pain that rises with my heart's sigh.

My aim, objective and desire, are to serve the people—  
This is my work, my duty, my custom, and my way.

I do not put my step in the lane of counsel and advice by myself,  
But sympathy takes me there by force, pressure and compulsion. (5)

What use is it to give lip service to sympathy for God's creatures?  
Even if I lay down a hundred lives, I will still offer an apology.

When I see the stormy night and the world's darkness—  
May God send down upon it my prayers of the early dawn.

#### (4) **ADVICE**

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 2, 1880, p. 83-85, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.1

Come hither, O seeker of the truth and rectitude—  
Read this book<sup>19</sup> with contemplation and pondering.

If you cast a single glance at my book,  
You will know that this is the path to Paradise.

But the condition is justice and truth—  
Because justice is the key to wisdom.

There are two things that steer the world and religion:  
An illumined heart and the far-sighted eye.

کسے کو خُرد دارد و نیز داد      نخواهد، مگر راہِ صدق و سداد  
 نہ پیچیدہ سر، از آنچہ پاکست و راست      نقابِ رُخ، از آنچہ حق و بجاست  
 چو بیند سُخن را، ز حق پروری      و اگر در سُخن کم کند داوری  
 اَلَا اے کہ خواہی، نجات از خدا      بقصرِ نجات، از درِ حق در آ  
 بحق گردد، و حق را بخاطرِ نشان      مَنہ دل بباطل، چو کثرِ خاطرِ اں  
 مَشُو عاشقِ زِشتِ رُو، زینمار      و گر خوب گم گردد، از روزگار  
 زمیں از زراعت، تہی داشتن      بہ از تخمِ خار و خشک کاشتن  
 اگر گردد دت دیدہ عقل باز      بجوئی رہِ حق زِ عجز و نیاز  
 طلبگارِ گردی، بہ صدقِ ولی      بخواب اندر، اندیشہ ہم ننگِ سلی  
 نگیری دے، استراحت از اں      مگر، چوں زِ حق بازیابی نشان  
 اَبَلِ بر سرِ تہستی ات چوں حُباب      تو زیں سال، سراندر نمادہ بخواب  
 بآء و اجدادِ پیشین نگر      کہ چوں در گذشتند، ازیں رہگذر



The person who possesses sagacity and justice,  
He does not wish for anything except truth and honesty; (5)

He does not rebel against what is pure and right—  
He does not turn his face from what is true and proper.

When he looks at a statement with honesty,  
He does not make disputation with the discourse.

Beware, O ye who wish for salvation from God—  
Enter the palace of salvation through the door of truth.

Hold on to truth and place the truth in your heart—  
Attach not your heart with falsehood—like the crooked ones.

Do not ever become the lover of an ugly-faced one  
Even if beauty becomes extinct from the world. (10)

To leave the earth devoid of cultivation  
Is better than planting the seeds of thorns and weeds.

If the eye of your intellect opens up,  
Search the path of God with meekness and humility.

You become its seeker with an honest heart—  
Do not even entertain the thought of breaking it in the dream.

You should not rest from it even for a moment  
Until such time that you receive a sign from God.

Death is upon you and your existence is like a bubble  
But you are in this condition—with head shrouded in sleep. (15)

Look at your forefathers and your ancestors—  
How they all passed away from this pathway.

بیادِ تِ نہماند است، انجامِ شاں	فراموش کردی، در اندکِ زماں
خودِ تِ، با اہلِ چیت، از مکر و بند	چہ دیوارِ داری، کشیدہ بلند
چوناگہ، نہنگِ اہل، در کشد	چرا، آدمیِ ایں چُنیں، سر کشد
بدنیائے دُوں، دلِ مہند، لے جواں	تماشا ئے آں، بگذرد ناگہاں
بدنیا کسے، جاودانہ نہماند	بیک رنگ، وضعِ زمانہ نہماند
بدستِ خود، از حالتِ دردناک	سپردیم، بسیار کس را بہ خاک
چو خود دفن کردیم، خلقے کثیر	چرا یادِ ناپیم، روزِ اخیر
زِ خاطر، چرا یادِ شاں انگنیم	نہ ما آہنیں جسم و روئیں تنیم
بترس اے مُعانید، زِ قہرِ خدا	کہ سخت است، قہرِ خداوندِ ما
بہ ناکردنِ ترسِ پروردگار	بسا شہر ویراں شُکند و دیار
ازاں بے ہراساں نشانے نہماند	نشانے چہ بیک استخوانے نہماند
ہمہ زیرِ کی، در ہر اسیدنِ شست	و گرنہ، بلا بر بلا، ویدنِ شست

You do not remember their end—  
You have forgotten it in a very short time.

What excuse or covenant do you have against death?  
What wall do you have that has been raised high?

When, suddenly, the crocodile of death pulls in,  
Then why should man rebel so much?

O young one! Do not attach your heart to this base world—  
Its show comes to an end all of a sudden. (20)

No one has ever stayed in this world forever—  
And the times have not maintained the same hue.

In a painful manner, with our own hands,  
We have consigned a great number of persons to the dust.

Since we ourselves have buried a number of people,  
Then why should we not think of our own last day?

Why should we drop their memory from our mind?  
Neither is our body made of iron, nor is it made of brass!

O adversary! Fear thou the wrath of God—  
As the wrath of our God is most severe. (25)

Because of not having the fear of God,  
A great many cities and countries were laid to waste.

Not a sign remains of those fearless ones—  
Not only sign—not a single piece of bone remained!

All the wisdom lies in remaining fearful<sup>20</sup>;  
Otherwise, one has to see calamity after calamity.

بہ ناپاکی و خُبثت ہا زِ لیستن	بہ از ایں چنیں زِ لیست، نازِ لیستن
بیا وینہ سوئے انصاف گام	زِ کیں توبہ کردن، چرا شد حرام
یقینِ دال کہ قلمِ زِ حق پرورِ لیست	نِلاف و گزافِ ست و نئے سرِ لیست
بہرِ مذہبے، غورِ کردم بے	شُنیدم بیدل، مُحجّتِ ہر کئے
بخواندم زِ ہر نطّے، دفترے	پدیدم، زِ ہر قوم و دانشورے
ہم از کودکی سوئے ایں تا ختم	دریں شغل، خود را بَیّنِ ختم
جوانی ہمہ، اندریں با ختم	دل از غیرِ ایں کار پر دِ ختم
بماندم دریں غم، زمانِ دراز	نختم زِ سِکِشِ شبانِ دراز
نگہ کردم، از روئے صدق و سداد	بہ ترسِ خداؤ بہ عدل و بہ داد
چو اسلام، دینے، قوی و متین	ندیدم، کہ بر مَنبَاشِ آفرین
چُنالِ دارو، ایں دین، صفا بیش بیش	کہ عاصِد بہ بَیّن، دروِ روئے خویش
نُماید از اں گونہ راہِ صفا	کہ گردد بہ صدقش خَرَد رہنما

To live in a state of impiety and profanity—  
Better than such living is not living at all.

Come and place your steps in the direction of justice—  
Where is it forbidden to repent from malice! (30)

Be assured that my speech is based on truth—  
It is neither bragging nor boasting nor vain.

I have pondered a lot over every religion—  
I have sincerely considered everyone's argument—

I have read many a book from every religion—  
And I have seen the wise ones from every nation—

Since childhood, I have pursued this path—  
I have thrown myself in this occupation—

I have spent my youth in this activity—  
I have freed my heart from things other than this— (35)

I remained in this grief for a very long time—  
For many a night I did not sleep with this concern—

I contemplated a lot with truth and honesty—  
With the fear of God—with fairness and equity—

Like Islam—a strong and firm religion—  
I have not seen one—praise be to its source!

This religion has such abundant clarity,  
That a jealous one can see his own face in it.

It shows a path of piety in such manner  
That the intellect testifies to its truth. (40)

ہم حکمت آموزد و عقل و داد      رہائند ز ہر نوعِ جہل و فساد  
 ندارد دیگر مثلِ خود، در بلاد      خلافتِ طریقے، کہ مثلش مباد  
 اصولش، کہ ہست آں، مدارِ نجات      چو خورشید تابد بصدق و ثبات  
 اصولِ دیگر کیش ہا، ہم عیاں      نہ چیزے کہ پوشیدنش مے توان  
 اگر ناسلماں خبر داشتے      بجاں، جنسِ اسلامِ نگذاشتے  
 محمدؐ، ہمیں نقشِ نورِ خداست      کہ ہرگز چنٹوئے بگیتی نخواست  
 حتی بود از راستی، ہر دیار      بگردارِ آں شب، کہ تاریک و تار  
 خدایش فرستاد و، حتی گسترید      زمیں را بجاں مقدسے، جہاں دید  
 بہا نیست از باغِ قدس و کمال  
 ہمہ آں او، ہمچو گلمائے آں

گر نبودے در مقابلِ مکر وہ و سیہ      کس چہ دانستے، جمالِ شاہدِ گلغام را  
 گر نیفتادے بخشے کار، در جنگ و نبرد      کے شدے، جو ہر عیاں شمشیرِ خوں آشام را

It<sup>21</sup> teaches all kinds of wisdom, intellect and justice—  
It rids of all kinds of ignorance and corruption—

It does not have its likeness in the land—  
Anything that is contrary to it—may its like not remain.

Its principles are a means of salvation—  
They shine like the sun with truth and permanence.

The principles of other religions are apparent as well—  
There is nothing that has the ability to hide them—

If the non-Muslims were aware of it,  
They would not have left it even at the cost of life. (45)

Muhammad<sup>sa</sup> is the most eminent sign of God's light,  
As no one like him has risen in the world.

Every country was void of righteousness,  
In the manner of the night that is dark and bleak.

God sent him down and he spread the truth—  
The earth became revived through his arrival.

He is a tree from the garden of holiness and perfection—  
All his progeny is like as the rose flowers.

## (5) COMPARISON

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 2, 1880, p. 87, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in*)

If, in comparison, there was none who was ugly and dark,  
How could one appreciate the beauty of a rose-like beloved?

If war and fighting did not take place with the enemy,  
How would the quality of a blood-drinking sword become apparent?

روشنی را قدر، از تاریکی است و تیرگی      وز جہالت ہاست، عز و وقار عقل تمام را  
مُجْتِ صَادِقِ نَفَقِص و قدح، روشن تر شود      عذرا معقول ثابت میکند الزام را

6

## در بے ثباتی دُنیا

عیشِ دُنیا ئے دُوں، دے چند ست      آخرش کار با خداوند ست  
ایں سرائے زوال و موت و فنا ست      ہر کہ بے نشست اندریں، بربنا ست  
یک دے رو، بٹوئے گورِ ستاں      و از خموشانِ آں، پُرسِ نشاں  
کہ مالِ حیاتِ دُنیا چلیست      ہر کہ پیدا شد ست، تاکے زلیست  
ترک کن کین و کبر و ناز و دلال      تا نہ کارت کشد، بٹوئے ضلال  
چوں ازیں کارگہ، بربندی بار      باز نائی، دریں پلاو و دیار  
اے زدیں بے خبر، بخورِ غم دیں      کہ نجاتِ مُعلق ست بدیں  
ہاں تغافلِ مکن ازیں غم خویش      کہ ترا کارِ مشکل ست برپیش



The worth of light is because of darkness and obscurity—  
And because of ignorance there is honour and esteem for perfect intellect.

True argument becomes clearer through debate and critique—  
Unreasonable excuse proves the accusation itself.

### (6) IN THE IMPERMANENT WORLD

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 2, 1880, p.124-128, *Rūhānī Khazā'in* vol.1

The life of this base world is but a few days—  
Finally, one has to deal with God.

This is an inn for decay, death, and demise—  
Whoever took a seat herein, he finally departed.

Go unto the graveyard for a moment—  
And ask for a sign from its silent ones—

As to what is the end of the worldly life?  
Whoever is born—how long has he lived?

Give up spite and haughtiness and pride and coquetry—  
So that your end does not come on the way of erring. (5)

When you have tied up your baggage from this workplace,  
You will never return unto these towns and lands.

O ye heedless of the faith! Have concern for the faith—  
Because your salvation is tied to the religion.

And yes, be not heedless of this concern of yours  
That you have a difficult undertaking before you—

دل ازیں درد و غمِ فگار بکُن      دل چہ، جاں نیز ہم، نثار بکُن  
 ہست کارت ہمہ بآں یک ذات      چوں صُبُوری کُنی اُڑو، ہیہات  
 بخت گردد، چو زُو بگروی باز      دَوْلَت آید، زِ آمدن بہ نیاز  
 چوں بُتری، زِ ایں چُنیں یارے      چوں، بدیں ابلہی کُنی کارے  
 ایں جہان ست، مثل مُردارے      چوں سگے، ہر طرف طلبگارے  
 خُشک آں مرد، کو ازیں مُردار      رُوئے آرد، بَسُوئے آں دادار  
 چشم بند زِ غیرو، داد دہد      در سربار، سر بباد دہد  
 ایں ہمہ، جوشِ حرص و آرزو ہوا      ہست، تا ہست مردِ نابینا  
 چشمِ دل، اندکے چو گردد باز      سرد گردد، بر آدمی ہمہ آرز  
 اے رَسَن ہائے آرز کردہ دراز      زیں ہوس ہا چرا نیائی باز  
 دَوْلَتِ عُمر، دَم بہ دَم بزوال      تو پریشاں، ب فکرِ دَوْلَت و مال  
 خویش و قوم و قبیلہ پُر زِ دغا      تو بُریدہ، براے شاں زِ خدا

Wound your heart with this concern and grief—  
Why just the heart?—Offer your life as well.

All your affairs are only with that One Person—  
How can you be satisfied without Him? Begone! (10)

Your fortunes change when you turn away from Him—  
Wealth arrives with the coming of humbleness.

How can you sever yourself from a Friend like this?  
How can you commit a foolish act as this one?

This world is like the dead—  
Like dogs, its seekers are everywhere.

He is a fortunate man who, from these dead,  
Turns his face towards the Just One.

He shuts his eyes from the strangers and acts with justice—  
For the sake of the Friend, he sacrifices his head. (15)

All this passion of greed, avarice, and desires—  
It remains as long as man remains blind.

But when the eye of the heart opens up—even a little—  
All these avarices of man become cold upon him.

O ye who have loosened the reins of greed,  
Why do you not stay away from such passions?

The wealth of life is on the decline each moment  
But you are distressed with the concern for wealth and possessions!

The relatives and the tribe and the nation are full of deceit,  
But you cut yourself away from God for their sake. (20)

اِسِ ہمہ را، بگشتنت آہنگ	کہ بصلحت کشند و گاہ بر جنگ
خاک بر رشتہ، کہ پیوندت	بگسلاند، زِ یارِ دل بندت
ہست آخر، بآں خدا کارت	نہ تو یارِ کس، نہ کس یارت
قدمِ خود بنہ، بخوفِ اتم	تا روی از جہاں، بصدقِ قدم
تا خدا ات، محبتِ خود سازد	نظرِ لطف بر تو آندازد
بادہ نوشی زِ عشق و زالاں بادہ	مست باشی، و بخود افتادہ
غیتِ اِسِ جائے کہ، مقامِ مدام	ہوش کن، تا نہ بد شود انجام
میرِ آں زندہ، نورِت افزاید	میرِ اِسِ مُردگاں، چہ کار آید
لقمہ و معدہ و سرو و دستار	سر بسر ہست، بخششِ دادار
حقِ باری شناس و شرمِ پدار	پیشِ زالاں، کز جہاں بر بندی بار
رُو ازو، از چہ رُو بگردانی	سگ و فامے کند، تو انسانی
ترسِ باید، زِ قادرے اکبر	ہر کہ عارفِ ترست، ترساں تر

They all intend to put you to death—  
Sometimes they kill by accord—sometimes by conflict.

Cursed be such relation that breaks  
Your attachment with your bosom Friend.

Eventually, your affairs are with that God—  
Neither are you someone's friend nor anyone is your friend.

Pray lay down your step with utmost fear,  
So that you leave the world with honest steps—

So that God makes you His own devotee—  
He casts upon you His glance of grace— (25)

You drink the wine of love, and with that wine  
You become intoxicated and fall down senseless.

This place is not an abode for eternity—  
Take heed so that your end is not bad.

The love of that Living One shall increase your light—  
The love of these dead ones—what use shall it be?

Food and stomach and head and turban—  
All these are entirely the bestowals of the Just One.

Recognise the rights of God and feel shame,  
Prior to this that you pack up your lot from this world. (30)

Why do you turn your face away from Him?  
Dog shows faithfulness—you are a man!

Fear should be there of God Almighty—  
One given to greater gnosis<sup>22</sup> fears so much more.

فارِ حق در سیاہ کاری اند      عارفان در دُعاؤ زاری اند  
 اے مُنک دیدہ کہ گریانش      اے ہمایوں ولے، کہ پریانش  
 اے مُبارک کسے کہ طالبِ اوست      فارِخ از مُرو زید، بارِخ دوست  
 ہر کہ گیرد، رو خدائے یگان      آں خدایش بس ست، در دو جہاں  
 لاجرم، طالبِ رضائے خدا      بکشد از ہمہ، برائے خدا  
 شیوہ اش مے شود فدا گشتن      بہر حق، ہم ز جاں مُدا گشتن  
 در رضائے خدا شدن چوں خاک      نیستی و فنا و استملاک  
 دل نہادن، در آنچہ مرضی یار      صبر، زیرِ مجاری اُتدار  
 تو بحق نیز دیگرے خواہی      ایں خیال ست اصلِ گمراہی  
 گر دہندت بصیرت و مردی      از ہمہ خلق، سوئے حق گردی  
 در حقیقت، بس است یارِ یکے      دل یکے، جاں یکے، نگار یکے  
 ہر کہ او عاشقِ یکے باشد      ترکِ جاں، پیشِ اندکے باشد

The evildoers are engaged in wickedness—  
The knowers-of-God are busy with prayers and weeping.

That eye is cool that weeps for Him—  
That heart is blessed that burns for Him.

That person is blessed who is a seeker of Him—  
Free of ‘Umar and Zaid<sup>23</sup>, he turns to the Friend. (35)

Whoever takes the path of the peerless God,  
For him that God is sufficient in both the worlds.

Undoubtedly, the seeker of God’s pleasure  
Detaches himself from everyone for the sake of God—

His method is to become a devotee—  
For the sake of God, even to give up his life.

To become like dust for the pleasure of God—  
To become non-existent, annihilated and obliterated—

To accept by heart whatever is the will of the Friend—  
To show patience for the decree that has been issued. (40)

You also desire others along with God—  
This thought is the real root of going astray.

If you had possessed insight and manliness,  
You would have turned unto God from the entire world.

In reality, one Friend is sufficient—  
There is one heart—one soul—one Beloved.

Whoever is a lover of only one person,  
Giving up his life becomes a minor offering.

کوئے او، باشدش، ز بُستان بہ	روئے او، باشدش، ز رِیحاں بہ
ہرچہ دلبر بدو کند، آں بہ	دیدن دلبرش، ز صدجاں بہ
پاہ زنجیر، پیش دلدارے	بہ ز ہجران و سیر گلزارے
ہرکہ دارد یکے دلدارے	جز بوصلش نیابد آرامے
شب، بہ بستر تپد، ز فرقت یار	ہمہ عالم بخواب و، او بیدار
تاند بیند صُوری اش ناید	ہر دمّش، سیلِ عشق بہر باید
در دلِ عاشقان متدار گجا	توبہ کردن ز روئے یار گجا
حُسنِ جاناں، بگوشِ خاطرِ شاں	گفت رازے، کہ گفتش نتواں
ہم چنین ست سیرتِ مُشاق	صدق و رزاں، بایزِ خلاق
جاں مُنور، بہ شمعِ صدق و یقین	نورِ حق تافتہ بہ نورِ جبین
کامیاباں، و زیں جہاں ناکام	زیرکاں، دُور تر پریدہ ز دام
از خود و، نفسِ خود خلاص شدہ	مہبطِ فیضِ نورِ خاص شدہ



His lane becomes better than a garden for him—  
His countenance becomes lovelier than a flower for him. (45)

Whatever the Beloved does to him is good—  
Seeing of the Beloved is better than a hundred lives.

With the feet in shackles, being in front of the Beloved  
Is better than the separation while strolling in the garden.

Anyone who has a sweetheart,  
He never finds rest without the union.

All night he tosses in bed from separation from the Friend—  
The entire world sleeps but he stays awake.

Until he sees him, he is not contented—  
Every moment, the flood of love carries him along. (50)

Where is there any rest for the hearts of lovers?  
Where is there any giving up of the countenance of the friend!

The Beloved's beauty speaks such a secret in their heart—  
It states a secret that cannot be articulated.

The traits of the lovers are such—  
They deal with honesty with God Almighty.

Their soul is illumined by the lamp of truth and certitude—  
The light of God shines from their forehead.

They are successful, though unsuccessful in this world—  
Their shrewdness—to fly far away from the snare. (55)

They find riddance from their self and ego—  
They become a landing-place for the blessings of special light—

در خداوندِ خویش، دل بستہ باطن از غیر یار بگسستہ  
 پاک، از دغلِ غیر، منزلِ دل یار کردہ، بجان و دل منزل  
 دین و دنیا بکارِ او کردند بر درش اوفتادہ چوں گزند  
 ریزہ ریزہ شد، آگینہِ شان بُوئے دلبر دند، تر سینہِ شان  
 نقشِ ہستی، بشست، جلوہ یار سرزد آخر، ز جیبِ دل دلدار  
 گر بر آزند، شعلہ ہائے دروں دود خیزد، ز تربتِ مجنوں  
 نے ز سر ہوش، نے ز پا خبرے در سرِ دستاں، ب خاک سرے  
 ہر کسے را، بخود سروکارے کارِ دل دادگاں بیدلدارے  
 ہر کسے را، بعزتِ خود کار فکری ایشاں، ہمہ بہ عزتِ یار  
 تو سرِ خویش تافتہ، از دیں حاصلِ روزگارِ تو، ہمہ یکس  
 در عناد و فساد، اُفتادہ داد و دانش، ز دستِ خود دادہ  
 سرکشیدہ، بناز و کبر و ریا وز تہدین، نہادہ بیروں پا

Attaching their heart with their God—  
Disengaging their soul from other than the Friend.

The heart's abode is free from the strangers' interference—  
The Friend having made His abode in the heart and soul.

They do the affairs of the faith and the world for His sake—  
They have fallen on His doorstep like the dust.

Their mirror is broken into a million pieces—  
The fragrance of the Beloved rises from their breast. (60)

The manifestation of the Friend erased the mark of existence—  
The Beloved finally emerged from the heart.

If they bring out the flames from within,  
The smoke will rise from the grave of Majnun<sup>24</sup>.

They have no sense of their head nor awareness of their feet—  
Thinking of the Beloved, they have their head in the dust.

Every person is concerned with his own affairs—  
The affairs of the lovers are only for the Beloved.

Every person is concerned for his own honour—  
Their entire concern is for the sake of the Beloved. (65)

You have turned your head away from religion—  
The gain from your daily labour is only spite.

You have fallen into hostility and discord—  
Giving up justice and wisdom by your own self.

You are arrogant with pride, haughtiness and vanity—  
And you have stepped outside the field of religious constancy.

چوں خداآت نداد، نورِ دروں عقل و ہوش تو، مجملہ گشتِ نگوں  
 کفرگوئی، عبادتِ انگاری فسق و رزی، ثوابِ پنداری  
 صد حجاب، بچشمِ خویش فرا بازگوئی، کہ آفتابِ کجا  
 پرودہ بردار، تا بہ بینی پیش جانِ ما سوختی، بکوریِ خویش  
 تافتی سر، زِ مُنعم و منّاں ایں بودِ شکرِ نعمت، اے ناداں  
 دل نہادِ دریں سراچہ دروں عاقبتِ می کنند، زِ دیں بیروں  
 ترکِ گوئے حق، از وفادورست دلِ بغیرے مدہ، کہ غیورست  
 دانی، و باز سرکشی، از وے ایں چہ بر خودِ ستمِ کئی بے ہے  
 ہرچہ غیرِ خدا، بخاطرِ تست آں بُتِ تست، اے باہماں سست  
 پُر حذر باش، زِیں مبتان نہاں دامنِ دل، زِ دستِ شاںِ برہاں  
 چسیتِ قدرِ کیمہ، شرکشِ کار چوں زینِ زانیہ، ہزارش یار  
 صدقِ مے و رز و صدقِ پیشہ گیر جانبِ صدقِ را، ہمیشہ بگیر

Because God has not given you the inner light,  
All your senses and intellect have turned upside down.

You consider your talk of disbelief as worship—  
You think your vices are good works— (70)

A hundred veils lie in front of your eyes—  
Still you ask as to where is the sun!

Raise the veil so that you can see in front—  
You have scorched our heart with your blindness.

You turned your head away from the Munificent and the Kind—  
Is this the gratefulness for munificence, O fool?

To attach one's heart with this vile world,  
Eventually leads one outside the religion.

To leave God's lane is far from faithfulness—  
Do not give your heart to strangers—He is jealous in honour. (75)

You know it and then turn your head away from Him—  
Alas! What is this cruelty you bring upon yourself!

Whatever is besides God, in your mind  
It is an idol—O ye who are feeble of faith.

Beware of these idols that are hidden—  
Free your heart from the reach of their hands.

What is the worth of a person who subscribes to partnership?  
Like a wanton woman who has a thousand lovers!

Acquire truthfulness and make it a way of life—  
Always hold on to the garment of truth. (80)

دیدہ تو، بہ صدق بخشاید یارِ رفتہ، بہ صدق باز آید  
صادق آن ست، گو بقلبِ سلیم گیرد آں دین، کہ ہست پاک و قویم  
دینِ پاک ست، یلتِ اسلام

از خدائے کہ، ہست علمش تام  
زیں کہ دین، از برائے آں باشد کہ زِ باطل، بحق کشاں باشد  
وینِ صفت، ہست خاصۂ فزقاں

بر اصولش، موقوف از بُراہاں  
با براہینِ روشن و تاباں

مے نماید رہِ خدائے یگاں  
من گر امروزِ سیم داشتے

آں براہیں، بہ زَر نگاشتمے  
اللہ اللہ، چہ پاک دین ست ایں

رحمتِ ربِّ عالمین ست ایں  
آفتابِ رہِ صواب ست ایں

بخدا، بہ زِ آفتاب ست ایں

With righteousness your eyes will open up—  
With honesty, the lost Friend shall come back.

Truthful is he who with pure heart,  
Adopts that religion which is pure and strong.

The faith of Islam is a pure religion—  
It is from God Whose knowledge is perfect.

Because the religion is for this purpose  
That it may pull away from falsehood unto truth.

This is a characteristic of the Qur'an—  
Every principle of it is established by proofs. (85)

With brilliant and glittering proofs,  
It points to the way of the Inimitable God.

If today, I had some money on me,  
I would have written those proofs in gold.

O God! O God! What pure faith this is!  
It is the benevolence of the Lord of the worlds.

It is the sun of the way of righteousness—  
By God, it is better than the sun itself.

مے بر آرد، ز جہل و تاریکی  
 سوئے انوارِ قرب و نزدیکی  
 مے نماید بطلالیاں رہِ راست  
 ”راستی موجب رضائے خداست“

گر ترا ہست، بیمِ آں دادار بہ پذیر و، ز خلقِ بیم مدار  
 چوں بود، بر تو رحمتِ آں پاک دیگر، از لعن و طعنِ خلق چہ پاک  
 لعنتِ خلق، سہل و آسان ست  
 لعنتِ آنست، گوزِ رحمان ست (مطبوعہ ۱۳۸۵ء)

## در مدحِ قرآنِ کریم

7

ہست فز قآن، آفتابِ علم و دیں تا بر تہذت، از گماں سوئے یقین  
 ہست فز قآن، از خدا جبلِ انبیین تا کشدت سوئے ربِّ العالمین  
 ہست فز قآن، روزِ روشن، از خدا تا بہ تہذتِ روشنی دیدہ ہا  
 حق فرستاد، ایں کلامِ بے مثال تا رسی، در حضرتِ قدس و جلال



It takes one out of ignorance and darkness  
Unto the light of nearness and union. (90)

It shows the seekers the right path—  
“Righteousness is the source of God’s pleasure.”

If you possess any fear of that Just One,  
Accept it<sup>1</sup>—and do not have fear of the people.

If mercy be upon you from the Pure One,  
Then what fear is there of the people’s curses and taunts?

The curse by the people is easy and endurable—  
The real curse is that which comes from God.

### (7) IN PRAISE OF THE HOLY QUR’AN

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 3, Footnote, 1882, p. 160, *Rūḥānī Khazā’in* vol.1

The Qur’an is the sun of knowledge and faith,  
As it will take you from supposition to certitude.

The Qur’an is a strong rope from God  
So that it may pull you unto the Lord of the worlds.

The Qur’an is a bright day from God  
So that it may give sight to your eyes.

God has sent this unparalleled Word  
So that you can reach the presence of the Holy and the Glorious.

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<sup>1</sup> Meaning Islam.

داڑوئے شک است، اِہامِ خدا      کاں نماید، قدرتِ تمامِ خدا  
 ہر کہ روئے خود، زِ فُرقاں در کشید      جانِ او، روئے یقین ہر گز ندید  
 جانِ خود را، مے کئی در خود روی      باز مے مانی، ہماں گول و غوی  
 کاش جانت، میلِ عرفاں داشتے      کاش سَعیت، تخمِ حق را کاشتے  
 خود نگہ کن، از سِرِ انصاف و دیں      از گماں ہا، کسے شود کارِ یقین  
 ہر کہ را، سُوش درے پُکُشودہ است      از یقین، نے از گماں ہا بُودہ است  
 قدرِ فُرقاں، نزوت، اے عذارِ نیست      ایں ندانی، کت، جز ازوے یارِ نیست  
 وحیِ فُرقاں، مُردگاں را جاں دہد      صد خُجّر، از کوپڑِ عرفاں دہد  
 از یقین ہا، مے نماید عالمے  
 کاں نہ بیند کس، بصد عالمِ ہمے

## ضرورتِ اِہام

8

اے در انکار مانده، از اِہام      کرد عقلِ تو عقلِ را بدنام  
 از خدا، رو بخویش آوردی      ایں چہ آئین و کیش آوردی

Revelation from God is a remedy for doubt  
Since it shows the absolute omnipotence of God. (5)

Whoever turned his face away from the Qur'an,  
His heart never saw the face of certitude.

You destroy your soul because of self-conceit—  
You still remain the same fool and erring.

Would that your heart had affinity for gnosis<sup>25</sup>—  
Would that your effort had sown the seed of truth—

You take a look yourself, for the sake of fairness and honesty,  
How can surmise work in the place of certitude?

Anyone for whom the door<sup>26</sup> has been opened—  
It happened through certainty and not surmise. (10)

O traitor! There is no worth of the Qur'an in your eyes—  
You do not know that beside it there is no friend.

Quranic revelation gives life to the dead—  
It brings a hundred tidings from the field of gnosis<sup>27</sup>.

It shows such a vista of certitudes  
That one does not see even in a hundred worlds.

## (8) NEED FOR REVELATION

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 3, 1882, p.162-163, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.1

O ye who remain a denier of revelation,  
Your intellect has brought shame to intellect.

Leaving God, you busied yourself in self-conceit—  
What sort of rule and custom are you following?

تا نہ کس سر، نہ خوشیتن تابد	رازِ توحید را چہ ساں یابد
تا نہ برفرقِ نفس، پا بَرِنی	کے بہ پاک و پلید فرق گنی
ہر کہ شد، تابعِ کلامِ خدا	رست از اتباعِ حرص و ہوا
از خود و نفسِ خود، خلاص شد	مہبطِ فیضِ نورِ خاص شد
برتر، از رنگِ ایں جہاں گشتہ	آں چہ ناید بونہم، آں گشتہ
ما، اسیرانِ نفسِ امارہ	بے خدائیم، سخت ناکارہ
تامیایاں بست، وحیِ حق، برشاد	اے بسا عقدِ ہائے ماکہ کشاد
نہ شود از تو، کارِ ربانی	آسیائے تہی، چہ گردانی
تو و علمِ تو، ما و علمِ خدا	فرق ہیں، از کجاست تا بکجا
آں یکے را، نگارِ خویش بربر	دیگرے، چشمِ انتظار بہ در
آں یکے، ہمنشیں بہ مہِ روئے	دیگرے، ہرزہ گرد، در کوئے
آں یکے، کام یافتہ، بہ تمام	دیگرے، سوختہ بفکرتِ کام

Until someone does not turn away from his own self,  
In what manner can he find the secret of Unity?

Until you put down your foot on your ego,  
How can you differentiate between pure and impure?

Whoever became obedient to the Word of God,  
He freed himself from the pursuit of greed and lust. (5)

He rid himself of his self and his ego  
And became the locus of the blessing of the special light.

He became better than the hue of this world—  
He became such that cannot even be surmised.

We are the slaves of the inciting-self<sup>28</sup>—  
Without God, we are utterly inadequate.

Ever since God's revelation came for our guidance—  
A number of our mysteries have been resolved.

You cannot accomplish what is God's work—  
Why are you turning the empty millstone? (10)

You and your knowledge—we and God's knowledge—  
You see the difference—how great it is!

There is one whose beloved is within his arms—  
The other still has eyes waiting on the door.

There is one who is sitting by the side of his beloved—  
The other is ranting drivels in the street.

There is one who has completely reached his goal—  
The other is burning in worry to achieve his aim.

عزت آید، زِ عالمِ اسرار    خود، زِ خود، دم زنی، زہے پندار  
ہمہ کارِ تو، نامتام اُفتاد    وہ چہ کارت، بعقلِ خام اُفتاد

9

ترا عقلِ تو، ہر دم، پائے بندِ کبرِ مے دارو    برو عقلِ طلبِ کنِ کُرتِ زِ خود بینی بروں آرو  
ہماں بہتر کہ ما آلِ علمِ حق، از حقِ بیا موزیم    کہ ایں علمے کہ ما داریم، صد سہو و خطا دارد  
کہ گوید بہتر از قولش، گراو خاموش بنشیند    کہ گیرد دستِ تائے نلواں، گراو دستِ تو نگذارد  
برو قدرش بریں و زِ محبتِ بے اصل دم دگرش    کہ ایں محبتِ کہ مے آری، بلا ہا بر سر آرد

10

حاجتِ نورے بود ہر چشم را    ایں چنیں اُفتاد قانونِ خدا  
چشمِ بنا بے خورِ تاباں کہ دید    کئے چنیں چشمے خداوند آفرید  
چوں تو خود، قانونِ قدرتِ بیکسنی    پس چرا، برویگاں سرے زنی

You should feel shame from the world of secrets<sup>29</sup>—  
You take pride in yourself—woe on your haughtiness. (15)

All your doings amounted to nothing—  
Oh! What achievement! You used flawed intellect.

### (9) ADVICE

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 3, 1882, Footnote #11, p. 169, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.1

Your intellect constantly shackles your feet to pride—  
Go and find an intellect that rids you of self-importance.

It is better that we learn that knowledge of God from God,  
Because the knowledge that we possess has myriad errors and omissions.

Who can say a better word than Him if He remains silent?  
Who can hold your hand, O ignoramus, if He lets your hand go?

Go, find His worth, and refrain from useless disputation,  
Because the argument that you offer will bring calamities upon you.

### (10) THE LAW OF GOD

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 3, 1882, Footnote #11, p. 171-177, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.1

Every eye requires the power of sight—  
This is the way that the law of God works.

Who has seen an eye that can perceive without the shining sun?  
When was it that God created such an eye?

When you yourself transgress the laws of nature,  
Then why do you place the blame on others?

آنکہ در ہر کار شد حاجت روا      چوں رواداری کہ تہود رہنما  
 آنکہ اسپ و گاؤ خر را آفرید      تا زہد پشت تو، از بار شدید  
 چوں ترا حیراں گزارو، در معاد      اے عجب، تو عاقل و این اعتقاد  
 چوں دو چشمت دادہ اند اے بے خبر      پس چرا پوشی کیے، وقتِ نظر  
 آنکہ زو، ہر قدر تے گشتہ عیاں      قدرتِ گفتار چوں ماندے نہاں  
 آنکہ شد ہر وصفِ پاکش جلوہ گر      پس چرا ایں وصف ماندے مستتر  
 ہر کہ او غافل بود، از یادِ دوست      چارہ سازِ غفلتش پیغامِ اوست  
 تو عجب داری، ز پیغامِ خدا      ایں چہ عقل و فکر توست، اے خود نما  
 لطفِ او، چوں خاکیاں را عشق داد      عاشقاں را، چوں بیفکندے زیاد  
 عشقِ چوں بخشید، از لطفِ اتم      چوں نہ بخشیدے، دولے آں آلم  
 خود چو کرد، از عشقِ خود، ولہا کباب      چوں نہ کروے، از سرِ رحمتِ خطاب  
 دل نیار آمد، بجز گفتارِ یار      گر چہ پیش دیدہا، باشد نگار



He Who fulfils the needs in every affair,  
Why do you consider it right that He will not be a Guide?

He Who created horses, cows and donkeys,  
So that it frees your back from heavy burdens— (5)

Why would He let you fret in the matter of the hereafter?  
How strange that you are wise but hold this view!

O heedless one! When you have been given two eyes,  
Then why do you cover one at the time of seeing?

He Who has manifested all kinds of powers,  
Then how can the power of speech remain hidden<sup>30</sup>?

He Whose every pure trait has become manifest,  
Then how can this attribute remain concealed?

Everyone who remains heedless from remembering the Friend,  
The remedy for his neglect is a message from Him. (10)

You wonder at the message of God—  
What is this intellect and thinking of yours, O vainglorious?

When His munificence granted love to the dust-made<sup>31</sup> ones,  
How can He forget His own lovers?

When, out of complete favour, He granted love—  
Then why would He not have given the remedy for this grief?

When He Himself has warmed our hearts with His love,  
Then why would He not converse by way of mercy?

The heart is not remedied without converse with the Friend,  
Even if the Beloved is in front of the eyes! (15)

پس چو خود، دلبر بود، اندر ر حجاب      کے تُوں کر دُن صُبُوری از خطاب  
 لیک آں داند کہ اودِل دادہ است      در طریقِ عاشقی اُفتادہ است  
 حُسن را، با عاشقان باشد سرے      بے نظر و ر، کے بود خوش منظرے  
 عاشق آں باشد، کہ اُوگم از خود دست      در طریقِ عشق، خود بینی بدست  
 لیکن، استیصالِ ایں کبر و خودی      نیست مُمکن، جُز بوخی ایزدی  
 ہر کہ ذوقِ یارِ جانی، یافت ست      آں ز بوخی آسمانی یافت ست  
 عشق از اِہام آمد، در جہاں      دُرد از اِہام شد، آتشِ فشاں  
 شوق و اُنس و اُلفت و مہر و وفا      جملہ از اِہام مے دار دِ ضیا  
 ہر کہ حق را یافت، از اِہام یافت      ہر مرنے کو تافت، از اِہام تافت  
 تو ہن اہلِ محبت، زیں سبب      از کلامِ یار مے داری عجب  
 عشق مے خواہد، کلامِ یار را      زو، پُرس از عاشق، ایں اسرار را  
 ایں گو کز در گش دُوریم ما      رُبطِ او، با مُشتِ خاکِ ما کجا

But when the Beloved Himself is shrouded in veils<sup>32</sup>,  
Then how can one be satisfied without converse?

But only he understands such things who is a lover—  
Who has gone through the ways of love.

Beauty has affinity with the lovers—  
How can there be a handsome one without an onlooker?

A lover is he who is lost from his own self—  
On the path of love, self-interest is considered bad.

But the eradication of this pride and self-importance  
Is not possible without the revelation from God. (20)

Whoever obtained the pleasure of this bosom Friend,  
He obtained it through the heavenly revelation.

Love descended upon the world through inspiration<sup>33</sup>,  
And ache<sup>34</sup>, too, spewed its fires through inspiration.

Passion, affection, love, infatuation, and devotion—  
They all received their light from inspiration.

Whoever found God, found Him through revelation—  
Every face that shone, it shone through revelation.

You are not worthy of love—for this reason  
You wonder at the speaking of the Friend. (25)

Love desires conversation with the Friend—  
Go and ask a lover about this mystery.

Do not say that since we are far from His court  
How is it possible for a handful of dust to be intimate with Him?

دائمہ آں مرد سے کہ، روشن جاں ہوو	کیس طلب، در فطرتِ انساں ہوو
دلِ نئے گیر و تسلی، بجز خدا	ایں چنیں اُفتادِ فطرت، نہ ابتدا
دلِ ندارد صبر، از قولِ نگار	کاشتند ایں تخم، از آغازِ کار
آنکہ انساں را چنیں فطرتِ پداو	چوں کمالِ فطرتش دادے بباد؟
کارِ حق کئے از بشرِ گردد ادا	کئے شود از کرکے، کارِ خدا
ماہمہ جہلیم و او دانائے راز	ماہمہ کوریم و او را دیدہ باز
باحسدا ہم، دعویٰ فرزانگی	سختِ جبل است و رگِ دیوانگی
تافتنِ رو از خورِ تاباں، کہ من	خود بر آرم روشنی از خویشتن
عالمے را کوکہ دستِ ایں خیال	سزنگوں افگندہ در چاہِ ضلال
نازِ بر فطنتِ مکن، گر فطنتے ست	در رہ تو ایں خرد مندی بے ست
عقل کاں، با کبر میدانند خلق	ہست محق و عقل پندارند خلق
کبر، شرِ عقل را ویراں کند	عقلال را گمرہ و ناداں کند

Only such a person knows it whose soul is illumined—  
That such a quest is inherent in the human nature.

The heart is never satisfied without God—  
This has always been its nature from the beginning.

The heart is never contented without converse with the Beloved;  
This seed has been planted from the beginning of time. (30)

He Who gave man this kind of disposition,  
Why would He put the perfection of that trait to waste?

How can God's work be accomplished by man?  
How can an insect do the work of God?

We are all ignorant and only He is wise to the secrets—  
We are all blind and only He possesses sight.

To claim wisdom in competition to God,  
Is extreme ignorance and a state of lunacy.

It is like turning away from the brilliant sun, that I  
Shall bring out the light by myself. (35)

Such a thought has blinded an entire world—  
Toppled it over into the pit of depravity.

Do not pride in your intelligence if you have wisdom—  
This intelligence can become an idol on your path<sup>35</sup>.

Intellect, laced with pride, that the people possess,  
It is foolishness though the people consider it wisdom.

Pride puts to waste the abode of intellect—  
It misleads the intelligent ones and makes them ignorant.

آنچہ افزاید غرور و مُعجبی چوں رساند تا حدایت، اے غوی  
 خود روی در شرک اندازد ترا توبہ کن از خود روی، اے خود نما  
 ہست مُشرک از سعادت دور تر وز فیوض شرمندی مجبور تر  
 از خدا باشد خدا را یافتن نے، بہ مکر و حیلہ و تدبیر و فن  
 تانیائی پیش حق چوں طفلِ بخرود ہست جام تو سراسر پُر ز درد  
 شرط فیض حق بود عجز و نیاز کس ندیدہ آب بر جلّے فراز  
 حق نیازے ہوید، انجانا ز نیست از پر خود تا درش پروا ز نیست  
 عاجزاں را پرورد ذاتِ اعلیٰ سرکشاں مَرُوم و مردودِ ازل  
 چوں نیائی زیرِ تابِ آفتاب  
 کئے رفتہ بر تو شعاعے در حجاب  
 آبِ شور اندر گفت ہست، اے عزیزِ نازا کم کن، اگر داری تمیز  
 آبِ جاں بخشے، زِ جاناں آیدت رو، طلب مے کن، اگر جاں بایدت  
 ہست آلِ آبِ بقا بس ناپدید کس بجز مصباحِ حق، راہِ شِ ندید

Whatever increases haughtiness and self-importance,  
How can it lead you to God, O erring one? (40)

Egoism casts you into partnership<sup>36</sup>—  
Repent from your egoism, O vainglorious one.

The polytheist is very far from piety  
And deprived of the lasting munificence of God.

Seeking of God is through God Himself!  
Not by cunning, ruse, planning or skill.

Until you present yourself to God like a small child,  
Your cup shall remain filled with dregs.

The condition for God's munificence is humility and humbleness—  
No one has seen water staying at a high place. (45)

God looks for humility—pride does not work here—  
It is not possible to fly to His door by your own wings.

That most Glorious Person nourishes the meek—  
Rebels are always deprived and rejected.

Until you do not come under the light of the sun,  
How can the rays fall upon you while veiled?

O dear one, there is brackish water in your hands—  
Observe less pride if you have sense.

Life-giving water comes from the Beloved—  
Go and ask for it if you desire life. (50)

That elixir of life is completely hidden—  
No one has seen the way to it without God's lamp.

اُس خیالاتے کہ بینی از خرد    پر تو آں ہم، زِ وُحیِ حق رَسد  
 لیک چشمِ دیدنت، چوں باز نیست    زِیں، دِلِ تو محرمِ ایں راز نیست  
 سرکشی از حق، کہ من دانا و لم    حاجتِ وُحیِش ندارم، عاقلم  
 لغزشِ تو حاجتِ پیدا کند    در دے عقلِ ترا رسوا کند  
 عقلِ تو گورے مُحَصَّص از بَروں    و اندرونش چیست؛ یک لاشے زَبوں  
 منتہائے عقلِ تعلیمِ خداست    ہر صداقت را ظہور از انبیاست  
 ہر کہ علمے یافت، از تعلیم یافت  
 تافت آں روئے، کزُورِوئے تافت

بازبانِ حال گوید روزگار    اے قَصیرِ انعم، گیر آموزگار  
 طبعِ زاوِ ناقصاں، ہم ناقص است    گر ترا گوشے بود، حرفے بس است  
 حقِ مَنزَہ از خطا، تو پُر خطا    داوِریا کم کن و، برحقِ بپا  
 عقلِ تو مغلوبِ صد حرص و ہواست    تکیہ بر مغلوب، کارِ اشتیاست  
 از کس و ناکس، بیا موزی فنوں    عار داری، زانِ عظیمِ بے چلوں



Those thoughts that you perceive from your own intellect,  
Their light, too, comes through God's revelation.

But because your seeing eyes are not open,  
Therefore, your heart is not privy to this secret.

Rebelling from God that I am wise,  
I do not need His revelation—I have intelligence—

Your error will make you disadvantaged—  
Your intellect will disgrace you in an instant. (55)

On the outside, your intellect is well plastered like a tomb—  
But how is it inside?—Like a putrid corpse!

It is the teaching of God that reaches the limit of intellect—  
The manifestation of every truth is through the prophets.

Whoever obtained knowledge, obtained it through teaching—  
It illumined that face that did not turn away from Him.

The times are stating through their condition:  
“O ye with a short life, find yourself a teacher.”

The traits of imperfect ones are also imperfect—  
If you do have ears, this word is sufficient. (60)

God is free of faults—you are full of errors—  
Lessen your disputation and follow the truth.

Your intellect is enslaved to myriad avarices and temptations—  
To rely on the enslaved is the work of the unfortunate.

You learn your skills from every person,  
But you feel shy from that Unique Wise-One.

از تَجَبُّر، رَہِ حَقِّ بَکدِ اِشتی      اِیں چہ کردی، اِیں چہ تَنخے کاشتی  
 اے سِتَمگر، اِیں ہماں مَوَلائے ماست      کز عَطِیائِش، ہمہ ارض و ہماست  
 ابر و باران و مہ و مہر آفرید      کرو، تابستان و سرما را پدید  
 تا بفضلِ او، غِذائے خُود خُوریم      زندہ مانیم و، تِن خُود پروریم  
 آں کہ بر تِن کرد، اِیں لُطْفِ اَتم      گئے کُندِ محروم، جاں را از کرم  
 وَحیِ فُرقانِ ست، جَذبِ ایزدی      تا بَرزنت از خُودی، در بیخودی  
 ہست قُتْلِ آن دافعِ شَرکِ نہاں      تا مَر او را، ہم اُزو، یابی نشان  
 تا رہی از کبر و خُود بینی و ناز      تا شوی مَمْنُونِ فَضْلِ کارِ ساز  
 دُور شو از کبر، تا رحم آیدش

بندگی کُن، بندگی مے بایدش

زندگی در مَرَدون و عَجْز و بُکاست      ہر کہ اُفتاد است، او آخرِ بِنَاست  
 ہست بامِ نیستی آبِ حیات      ہر کہ نوشیدست، او ہست از مَمات  
 عاقل آں باشد، کہ جوید یار را      وز تَنگُلِ ہا، بر آرد کار را

You left the path of righteousness out of pride—  
What have you done? What seed have you planted?

O brute! This is the Master of all of us—  
All this earth and heavens are His bounties— (65)

Who created clouds and rain—the sun and the moon—  
And manifested the summer and the winter—

So that, by His grace, we eat our provisions  
And maintain our life and nourish our bodies.

He Who performed this perfect grace on our bodies,  
How can He deprive our souls from His blessing?

Qur'anic revelation is an attraction from God  
That takes you from egoism to ecstasy.

The Qur'an is a repellent for hidden partnership  
So that you obtain a sign about Him but from Him. (70)

So that you are freed of pride, self-importance, and haughtiness  
And become grateful to the bounty of God.

Move away from pride so that mercy can come—  
Implement servitude since He is looking for servitude.

Life is in dying, humbleness and lamentation—  
Whoever falls<sup>37</sup>, he eventually obtains salvation.

The cup of annihilation is the elixir of life—  
Whoever drank it, he escaped from death.

The wise is he who seeks the Friend  
And fixes all his affairs through self-abasement. (75)

ابلہی بہتر، از آں عقل و خسر و رکت بچاہ کبر و نخوت اُفگند  
 طالبِ حق باش و، بیروں از خودا خود روی ہا ترک کن، بہر خدا  
 من ندانم، ایں پر ایمان ست و دیں دم زدن، در جنبِ رَبِّ العالمین  
 تو کجا، وال قادرِ مُطلق کجا تو بہ کن، ایں ابلہی ہا، کم نم  
 یکدمے گر رشِ فیض، کم شود ایں ہمہ خلق و جہاں، برہم شود  
 پست ہستی، لافِ استعلا مزین وز گلیم خویش بیروں، پامزن  
 عابد آں باشد، کہ پیشِ فانی است عارف آں کو گویدش لاثانی است  
 نوشتن را نیک اندیشید اے ہذاک اللہ، چہ بد فہمید  
 ایں مچنیں، بالا ز بالا چوں پری یا مگر، ز اں ذاتِ بیچوں مُنکری  
 کارِ دُنیا را چہ ویدستی بنا رکت خوش افتادست ایں فانی سرا  
 دل چہ را عاقل بہ بند اندیریں  
 ناگہاں باید شدن بیروں ایزیں  
 از پئے دُنیا، بُریدن از خدا بس ہمیں باشد، نشانِ اُشعیا

Foolishness is better than that intellect and wisdom  
Which puts you in the well of pride and haughtiness.

Be a seeker of God and let go of your egoism—  
Give up self-importance for the sake of God.

I do not know as to what sort of faith and religion is this:  
To boast in front of the Lord of the worlds?

What are you compared to the Almighty God?  
Repent! Do not show such foolishness.

If the sprinkling of His bounty is reduced for a moment,  
This entire world and the people will be destroyed. (80)

You are lowly—do not make boasts of eminence—  
Do not stretch your feet beyond your sheet.

A devotee is he who is meek in front of Him—  
The gnostic is he who calls Him peerless.

You have imagined yourself to be correct—  
May God give you guidance—how wrong you have understood!

Why do you try to fly so high?  
Or perhaps you deny that Incomparable Person?

What do you think is the foundation of this world?  
Has this feeble inn started to become attractive to you? (85)

Why would a wise one attach his heart with it,  
When one has to exit it very suddenly?

You desert God for the sake of the world—  
This indeed is the sign of the unfortunate ones.

چوں شود بختائش حق، بر کے      دلِ نئے ماند، بدنیائش بے  
 ہوش کن، کیس جاگے، بجائے فہمت      با خدا مے باش، چوں آخر خداست  
 زہرِ قاتل، گر بدست خود خوری      من چہاں داتم، کہ تو دانشوری  
 آں گروہے ہیں، کہ از خود فانی اند      جاں فشاں، برگفتہ ربانی اند  
 فارغ افتادہ، ز نام و عز و جاہ      دل ز کف، و ز فرق افتادہ کلاہ  
 دُور تر از خود، بہ یار آیینتہ      آبرو، از بہر رُوئے ریختہ  
 ویدنِ شاں، میدہد یاد از خدا      صدق و رزاں، در جنابِ کبریا  
 تو زِ استکبار، سر بر آسماں      پاژدہ، بیروں زِ راہِ بندگاں  
 تا نگرود عجز، در نفستِ عیاں      نورِ حقانی چہاں تا بند بر آں  
 تانہ میرد، دانہ اندر زمیں      کئے زیک، صد میشود، تو خود پہیں  
 نیست شو، تا بر تو فیضانے رسد      جاں بے فشاں، تا دگر جانے رسد  
 تا تو زار و عاجز و مضطر      لائقِ فیضانِ آں رہبر نہ

When God's benevolence falls upon a person,  
His heart does not remain with the world.

Beware! This abode is a fleeting place—  
Be a godly person since at the end there is only God.

If you drink the deadly poison by your own hand,  
How can I consider that you are a wise one? (90)

Look at that group that has become annihilated<sup>38</sup>—  
They lay down their lives for the Word of God.

They gave up their fame, dignity, and honour—  
They let go of their heart, and their caps fell off their heads.

Having distanced from their self, they united with the Friend—  
They threw away their honour for the sake of the Countenance.

Seeing them leads to the remembrance of God—  
They practise truthfulness in the presence of the Almighty.

Your head is in the sky from your haughtiness—  
Your feet have given up the path of servitude. (95)

Until humility becomes apparent in your self,  
How can the Divine light shine upon it?

Until the seed is not annihilated in the ground,  
How can it turn into hundred? —You see yourself.

Annihilate yourself so that benevolence reaches you—  
Sacrifice your life so that you obtain another life!

Until you are mournful, dejected and distressed,  
You are not worthy of the bounties of that Guide.

چھیتِ ایماں ، وَخَدَا پنداشتن  
کارِ حق را ، باجُدا بگذاشتن

چوں زِ آموزش، خرد را یافتی      پس زِ تعلیمش چرا سرتامفتی  
اندرونِ خویش را، روشن مداں      آنچہ مے تابَد، بتابَد زِ آسماں  
کورِ هست اَل دیدہ، کشِ ایں نورِ نیست      گورِ هست اَل سینہ، کرِ تلکِ دوزِ نیست  
صالحین و صادقین و اَتْقیاء      جملہ رَہ دیدند از وَحیِ حُدا  
اَل کجا عقلے کہ از خودِ داندش      فہد اَل شغصے کہ اُو فہمائدش  
عقل، بے وُغشِ بُتے داری، براہ      بُت پرستی ہاگنی، شام و پگاہ  
پیشِ چشمتِ گرشدے ایں بُتِ عیاں      از سرِ شکِ تو شدے جوئے رواں  
لیک، از بدِ قسمتی، چشمتِ نمائد      بُت پرستی، آخرت، چوں بُتِ نشاند  
عقل در اسرارِ حق، بس نارساست      آنچہ کہ گمے رَسد، ہم از خداست  
گر خرد، پاکیزہ رائے آورد      اَل نہ از خود، ہم زِ جائے آورد  
تو بہ عقلِ خویش، در کبرِ شدید      مافدائے آنکہ، اُو عقلِ آفرید



What is faith? To consider Him as One—  
To entrust the work of God to God Himself. (100)

Since you found wisdom through His instruction,  
Then why do you turn away your head from His teaching?

Do not think that your inside is illumined—  
Whatever shines, it shines by the heavens.

That eye is blind that does not have this light—  
That breast is like a grave that is not free of doubt.

The pious, the truthful and the God-fearing—  
They all saw the way through God's revelation.

What intellect is there that knows Him by itself?  
Only he comprehends it to whom He makes it known! (105)

Without His revelation, intellect is like an idol on the path—  
You are engaged in idol-worship morn and eve.

If this idol became apparent unto your eyes,  
A stream would flow through your tears.

But, unfortunately, you do not possess the eye—  
Idol-worship, eventually, turned you into an idol.

Intellect is incapable of reaching God's secrets—  
Whatever it gains from time to time, it is from God, too.

If the intellect brings in a good notion,  
It is not by itself—but it brings it from Him. (110)

Because of your own intellect, you feel great pride—  
We dote upon Him Who created the intellect.

در قیاساتِ تہی، جانتِ اسیر جانِ ما، مشربانِ علمِ آں بصیر  
 نیکِ دل، بانیکواں وارِ دوسرے برگز، تَفِ مے زَنَدِ بَدگوہرے  
 ہست بر اَسرار، اَسرارِ دگر تا گجا تا زِد، خَرِ فِکَر و نَظَر  
 ایں چراغِ مُردہ، از زورِ ہوا چوں رہِ بادِ یکِ بنماید تُرا  
 وُخِ یزدانی، زِ رَہ آگہ گُند تا بمنزلِ نورِ را، ہمہرہ گُند  
 مافتادہ بے مہنر، در جسم و جاں حُوقِ باشد، دم زنی با آں یگان  
 چسیتِ دیں، خود را فنا انگاشتَن وز سرِ ہستی مَدَم برداشتَن  
 چوں بُیفتی، باد و صَدِ درد و نفیر کس ہمے خیزد، کہ گرد و دستگیر  
 باخبرِ را، دِل تپد، بَر بے خَبر رَحم بر کورے گُند، اہلِ بَصَر  
 ہمچنین قانونِ قُدرتِ اُفتاد مَر ضعیفاں را، قوی آرد بیاد  
 چوں ازیں قانونِ شُودِ رحماں بَرُوں؛ رَحمِ یزداں، از ہمہ باید فُزُوں  
 آنگہ او، ہر بارِ بارداشتِ است ہیچِ رحمتِ را، فِر و نگذاشتِ است

Your life is enslaved to empty surmises—  
Our life is sacrificed for the knowledge of that Seer.

A pure-hearted person associates with pious ones—  
A base person spits upon the gem.

Upon the secrets lie other secrets—  
How far can the ass of reflection and pondering gallop?

This dead lamp—with the force of avarice—,  
How can it show you the way that is subtle? (115)

God's revelation apprises you of the path,  
So that the light accompanies you until your destination.

We have no real skill in our body or soul—  
It is foolishness to boast in front of that Incomparable One.

What is religion?—To consider your self annihilated!  
And to completely move away from your existence.

When you fall down with a myriad grief and laments,  
Someone slides along to become a helper.

The heart of the knower becomes restless for the ignorant—  
The seeing one takes pity on the one who is blind. (120)

This is the way that the law of nature happens to be:  
The strong remain vigilant over the weak ones.

How can the Gracious be outside this law?  
God's mercy should be more than everyone else's should.

He Who bears every burden of ours—  
He has not neglected any benevolence—

چوں زِ ما غافلِ شُود، در امرِ دینِ شمرمت آید، از چُنیں انکار و کیس  
 دلِ مِنہ، در خاکدانِ بے وفا یادِ گنِ آخر، وفا ہائے حُدا  
 بارِ ہاشدِ بر تو ثابت کایں عُقُولِ مُبتلا ہستند، در سہو و ذُہول  
 بارِ ہا ویدی، بعقلِ خودِ فسادِ بارِ ہا زیں عقل، ماندی بے مُراد  
 بازِ تَحْوَتِ میکنی، بر عقلِ خویشِ وز دیری، مے رُوی، نا دیدہ پیش  
 نفسِ خودِ را، پاکِ گن، از ہر فضولِ ترکِ خودِ گن، تا کندِ رحمتِ نَزُولِ  
 یک، ترکِ نفسِ کئے آساں بُودِ مُردن و از خودِ شُدن یکساں بُود  
 ایں چُنیں دل، کم بُودِ در سینہٗ کاں بُودِ پاک، از غُرور و کینہٗ  
 در حقیقتِ مَرومِ معنی کم اندِ گوہمہ از روئے صُورتِ مردم اند  
 ہوشِ گن، اے در چہبے اُقْتادہٗ عقلِ و دینِ از دستِ خودِ در دادہٗ  
 غیرِ مَحْدودِے، بہ محدودِے مجوِ کارِ نُورِ محض، از دُودِے مجو  
 آنچہ بایدِ جُست، با عجزِ و نیازِ تو مجو، با کبر و خود بینی و تاز

How can He be unaware of us in the matter of religion?  
You should be ashamed of such denial and malice.

Do not attach your heart to the faithless dustbowl<sup>39</sup>—  
After all, do remember the faithfulness of God. (125)

It has been repeatedly proved unto you that these intellects  
Are mired in error and forgetfulness.

You have repeatedly seen the mischief of your own intellect—  
Repeatedly, you remained disappointed because of this intellect.

Even then, you take pride in your intellect  
And keep going boldly without looking in front.

Purify your self of every excessiveness—  
Give up egoism so that the mercy may descend.

However, giving up of self-importance is not easy—  
Dying and killing the ego are the same. (130)

It is rare to have such a heart in any breast  
That is completely free of any haughtiness and spite.

The truth is that the shrewd persons are but few—  
Although all of them appear to be men by appearance.

Beware! You who have fallen into a pit—  
You have lost your intellect and faith by your own hand.

Do not seek the Limitless<sup>40</sup> by the limited<sup>41</sup>—  
Do not undertake the task of light with smoke.

That which needs to be sought with humility and meekness,  
Do not seek it with haughtiness, self-importance, and pride. (135)

وہ چہ خوب ست ایں اصول بہوی  
 یادگار مولوی، در مثنوی  
 زیر کی، ضد شکست ست و نیاز  
 زیر کی بگذار و با گولی بساز  
 زانکہ طفل خرد را، مادر، نہار  
 دست و پا باشد، نہادہ در کنار

11

آلا، اے کمر بستہ بر افترا مکش خوشن را، بہ ترک حیا  
 بخاصان حق، کینہ ات تا گجا گہے شرم آید، زیر گہاں خدا  
 چو چیزے بود، روشن، اندر ہی برو ہر چہ بندی، بود الہی  
 چو بر نیک گوہر، گماں بد بری بداند مردم، کہ بد گوہری  
 چو گوئی، دُرِ پاک را، پُر غبار غبارِ دو چشمت، شود آشکار  
 سُخن ہائے پُر خبت و بے مغز و خام بود بر خیشاں، نشانے تمام  
 ندانید گفتن سُخن، بجز دروغ بر حق ندارد، دروغے فروغ

What a beautiful principle it is for walking on the path,  
Which is included in the *Mathnavi*<sup>42</sup> of Maulawi:

Intelligence is the opposite of modesty and indigence—  
You leave the intelligence and adopt folly—

As the little child, to whom the mother all day  
Walks about on foot, holding it in her lap.

### (11) BEWARE O YE WHO ARE BENT UPON CALUMNY

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 3, 1882, Footnote, p. 227-230, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.1

Beware! O ye who are bent upon calumny—  
Do not kill yourself by giving up decency.

For how long will you be hostile unto God's chosen ones?  
Sometimes you should feel shame from the God of the world.

If the thing is illumined by its goodness—  
Whoever accuses it would be regarded a fool.

When you think ill of a pious person,  
The men will know that you yourself are of base origin.

When you call a pure gem as full of opacity,  
Then the opacity of your own two eyes becomes evident. (5)

Words that are crude, full of malice, and without substance,  
They become consummate signs of the wicked ones.

You do not know anything to say except the lies—  
The falsehood never flourishes in front of truth.

نیارید یاد، از حق بے چگلوں      پسند اوفتا دست دُنیا ئے دُلوں  
 بدُنیا کے دل بے بند و چرا      کہ ناگاہ، باید شدن زیرِ سرا  
 سرانجامِ ایں خانہ، رنجِ ست و درد      بہ پیشِ نیلِ نیا بند، مردانِ مرد  
 بدیں گل، میالائے دل چوں غصے      کہ عمدِ بقائش، نمائند بے  
 زمانِ مکافات آید فراز      تو برعیشِ دُنیا بدیں ساں منازل  
 فریبِ مخور از زر و سیم و مال      کہ ہر مال را، آخر آید زوال  
 نہ آورده ایم و، نہ بان خود بریم      تھی آدیم و، تھی بگنڈیم  
 الا، تا نہ تابی سرازِ روئے دوست      جہانے نیرزد، بیک موئے دوست  
 خدائے کہ جاں بر رہِ او فدا      نہ یابی ریش، جز پئے مصطفیٰ  
 ابوالقاسم آں آفتابِ جہاں      کہ روشن شد ازوے، زمین و زماں  
 بشر کے بدے از ملک نیک تر      نبودے اگر چوں محمد بشر  
 نیاید تیرا شرم از کردگار      کہ اہلِ خسد و باشی و باوقار



You do not undertake remembrance of that Incomparable God—  
This base world has fallen to your liking.

Why should someone attach one's heart to this world,  
When one has to leave this inn all of a sudden?

The end of this world is only grief and sorrow—  
The manly ones do not fall for its ruse. (10)

Do not contaminate your heart with this mud like vile ones do—  
Because its duration is not for very long.

The time for retribution is coming nigh—  
Do not pride yourself like this on the worldly life.

Do not be deceived by gold, silver and wealth—  
Because every kind of wealth suffers from loss.

Neither did we bring anything nor shall we take any with us—  
We came empty-handed and empty-handed shall we depart.

Beware! Do not turn away your head from the Friend!  
The world is not worth one hair of His. (15)

That God on Whose path our life is sacrificed,  
You shall not find His path without following Mustafa<sup>43</sup>.

Abul-Qasim<sup>44</sup>—that sun of the worlds—  
By whom the earth and the times were illumined—

How could man become better than the Angels,  
If a man such as Muhammad<sup>sa</sup> were not to be?

Do you not feel ashamed in front of God—  
Being that you are intelligent and respectable?

پس آنکہ شوی، مُنکرِ آں رسولؐ      کہ یابد از و نور، چشمِ عقولؐ  
 ز سہو و ز غفلت، رہیدہ نہ      ز طورِ بشر، پاکشیدہ نہ  
 نیاید ز تو، کارِ رَبِّ العباد      مکن داوری ہا، ز بہل و عناد  
 مداں ناقص و انگہش چوں جماد      کمالِ حُدا را، میفکن زیاد  
 تو خود ناقصی و دنیٰ الصفات      مینہ تہمتِ نقص، بر پاک ذات  
 خیالاتِ بے ہودہ، کردت تباہ      خود، از پائے خود، اوفتادی بچاہ  
 خیالت، شبے ہست تار یک وتار      فروزہ بر آں شب، ز کیس صد غبار  
 نہ دل را، چو دُرداں، بربشا دکن      بترس و ز روزِ سزا، یاد کن  
 اگر در ہوا، بچو مُرغاں پری      و گر بر سرِ آب ہا، بگذری  
 و گر، ز آتش آئی، سلامت بروں      و گر خاک را ز رگنی، از فسوں  
 نیاری کہ حق را گنی، زیر و پست      مکن ترا ز خائی، چو مجنون و مست  
 خدا ہر کہ را کرد، مہرِ مُنیر      نہ کرد، ز دستِ تو، خاکِ حقیر

Even then, you are a denier of that Messenger  
From whom the eyes of intellect find their light. (20)

You are not free from error and heedlessness—  
Nor are you removed from the customs of man.

You cannot accomplish the work of the Lord of men—  
Do not dispute with Him out of ignorance and enmity.

Do not consider Him imperfect and mute like inanimate things—  
Do not throw away from memory the perfection of God!

You are imperfect yourself and are of vile nature—  
Do not blame imperfection upon that Pure Person.

Absurd thoughts have led to your ruin—  
You have fallen into the pit with your own feet. (25)

Your thoughts are bleak and dark like the night,  
On which myriad veils have fallen out of malice.

Do not make your heart happy like thieves do in the night—  
Be afraid and remember the Day of Punishment.

If you fly in the air, like as the birds,  
And you walk upon the surface of the water,

And you come out of the fire safely,  
And turn dust into gold through your magic,

It is not possible for you to turn the truth upside down—  
Do not babble like the crazed and the intoxicated. (30)

Whomsoever God turns into a bright sun,  
He shall not become worthless dust through your hands.

دِلِ خود بہر زہ، مسوز اے دنی      نہ کاہد نہ مکر تو، افزو دنی  
 بہار ست و، بادِ صبا در چین      کند نازہا، با گل و یاسمن  
 ز نسرين و گلہائے فصل بہار      نسیم صبا مے وزد، عطر بار  
 تو اے ابلہ افتادہ، اندر خزاں      ہمہ برگ آفتانہ، چوں مفلساں  
 بہ قرآن، چرا بر سر کیس دوی      نہ دیدی نہ قرآن، مگر نیکیوں  
 اگر نامدے در جہاں ایں کلام      نہ ماندے بہ دنیا، نہ توحید نام  
 جہاں بود افتادہ، تاریک و تار      ازو شد ممتور مریخ ہر دیار  
 بہ توحید را ہے ازو شد عیاں      ترا ہم خبر شد کہ ہست آں یگان  
 و گر نہ ہیں، حالِ آبائے خویش      بہ انصاف بنگر، در آں دین و کیش  
 بود آں فرومایہ، بدگوہرے      کہ از منعم خود بتابد سرے  
 نہ اندازد خویش، برتر مپہر      پرشکی مکن، چوں ندانی ہنر  
 یقین داں کہ ایں کار نیردانی است      نہ از دغل و تدبیر انسانی است

Do not burn your heart through futility, O vile one—  
Something that is increasing, shall not diminish through your cunning.

It is the time of spring—and the gentle breeze in the garden  
Plays coquettishly with roses and the jasmine.

With wild roses and flowers of the spring season,  
The gentle breeze is blowing emitting fragrance.

But you, O fool, are lying down in autumn  
With all the leaves fallen away like the paupers. (35)

Why do you lunge at the Qur'an with maliciousness?  
You have not seen anything else in the Qur'an except goodness!

If this Word had not come into the world,  
Even the name of Unity would not have survived in the world.

The world would have been obliterated—dark and obscure—  
Through it, the face of every country has become illuminated.

With it, the path of Unity became manifest—  
You also came to know that the Incomparable One exists.

Otherwise, look at the case of your own ancestors—  
Look with fairness upon their religion and faith. (40)

That despicable one is of base descent  
That turns away his head from his own benefactor.

Do not fly higher than your own strength—  
Do not practise healing if you do not have the skill.

Be assured that this is the work of God—  
It is not through any human intervention or planning.

شد ایں دین بفضلِ خدا آرجمند      نہ کارِ فریب است و سالوس و بند  
 درخشد درو نور، چوں آفتاب      تو کوری، نمے بینی آتش زیرِ حجاب  
 بہ ناپاکِ دل، مَشو بدگماں      و گر مُحجَّے است، بنما عیاں  
 بہ شوقِ دل آویختن را بساز      پس آنکہ پیس، قدرتِ کار ساز  
 گزینِ کن، زِ قومت کیے انجمن      کہ بایک تن از ما، کند یک سخن  
 بہا ہست، فضلِ خداوندِ پاک      زِ باطل پرستان، نہاریم باک  
 بجوش است فیضِ احد درِ دلم      کہ تا بندِ ہر طلبے بگنم  
 خدا را درِ لطف ہا ہست باز      نسیمِ عنایات درِ امتزاز  
 گئے گو بتابد سرازِ عدل و داد      گجا دم زند پیشِ صدق و سداد  
 کلامِ خدا، ہر دم از عزّ و جاہ      کند رُوئے، ناشرِ سارِش، سیاہ  
 چساں رائے شغصے، بگردد بلند      کہ طغیانِ نفس، بگردن فگند  
 دلِ پاک و جویانِ فکر و نظر      دو جوہر بود لازم یک و گر

This religion has become honoured with the grace of God—  
It is not a deceitful work, nor fraud or snare.

Light shines in it like the sun—  
You are blind—you do not see it because of the veil. (45)

Do not become suspicious due to your heart's impurity—  
However, if you have an argument, show it openly.

Develop an attachment with it with great yearning—  
Then you see the might of the Providence.

Choose an assembly from your own people,  
So that they all together agree upon a thing with us.

With us is the grace of the Pure God—  
We have no fear of the worshippers of falsehood.

In my heart rages the bounty of the One God,  
So that I may break the shackles of every seeker. (50)

The door of His benevolence is open with God—  
The breeze of favours is astir.

Anyone who turns his head away from justice and fairness,  
How dare he face truth and rectitude!

All the time the Word of God, with grandeur and glory,  
Turns black the face of the unashamed.

How can the opinion of such a person be appreciated,  
The inundation of whose egoism has thrown him down?

A pure heart and the vigour of reflection and consideration,  
Are two virtues that are inseparable from each other. (55)

چو صوفِ صفا در دل آمیختند    بداد، از سَوادِ عیونِ رنجتند  
 خدا آفریت، ز یک مُشتِ خاک    خودت دادناں، تا نگردی ہلاک  
 بہر حاجتِ گشت، حاجت روا    کشود از ترتم، دو دستِ عطا  
 چہ پاداشِ جودش چنیں مے دی    کہ در علم، خود را نظیرش نہی  
 چہ خود را برابر گئی با خدائے    تقوٰی چنیں عقل و ادراک و رائے  
 خدا پُوں کسے را بہ پستی فگند    بکوشش، نیاریم کردن بلند  
 بکوشیم و انجام کار آں بود    کہ آں خواہش و رائے یزداں بود

12

## در مدحِ قرآنِ کریم

از نورِ پاکِ قرآن، صبحِ صفا دیدہ    بر غنچہ ہائے دلہا بادِ صبا وزیدہ  
 ایں روشنی و لمعانِ شمسِ لُغْوی ندارد    ویں دہری و خوبی، کس در قمرِ ندیدہ  
 یوسف، بقعرِ چاہے محبوس مانند نہا    ویں یوسفے کہ تن ہا، از چاہِ بر کشیدہ  
 از مشرقِ معانی، صد ہا دقائِق آورد    قدِ ہلالِ نازک، ز اں نازکی خمیدہ



When people place the ink-wool<sup>45</sup> in their hearts,  
They pour ink from the pupil of their eyes.

God created you from a handful of dust—  
He Himself gives you bread so that you do not perish.

For every need of yours, He became a Remover of needs—  
He opened His two hands of benevolence with mercy.

What return of His munificence do you make  
That in your knowledge you consider yourself His equal?

Do you make yourself on par with God?  
Fie on such intellect, understanding and wisdom. (60)

When God throws someone down in the abyss,  
We are unable to raise him high with effort.

We only make an effort but the end result is only that  
Which happens to be the will and pleasure of God!

## **(12) IN PRAISE OF THE HOLY QUR'AN**

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, part 3, Footnote p. 304-305, *Rūhānī Khazā'in* vol.1

With the pure light of the Qur'an, the bright morning has dawned—  
A gentle breeze is blowing upon the rose-buds of the hearts.

Such light and glitter is not possessed by the noon-time sun—  
No one has seen such captivation and excellence in the moon.

Yusuf lay alone at the depth of a well,  
But this Yusuf has pulled out many from the well by itself.

It has brought hundreds of subtleties from the source of truth—  
The figure of the delicate crescent is bent with its daintiness.

کیفیتِ علموش، دانی، چہ شان دارد      شہدیتِ آسمانی، از وحیِ حق چکیدہ  
 آن نیز صداقت، چوں روبرو عالم آورد      ہر بومِ شب پرستے، در گنجِ خود غنیزیدہ  
 رُوئے یقین نہ بیند، ہرگز کے بدُنیا      الا کہے کہ باشد، بارویشِ آرمیدہ  
 آنکس کہ عالمش شد، شد محزونِ معارف      و اُس بے خبرِ ز عالم، کیس عالمے ندیدہ  
 بارانِ فضلِ رحماں، آمد بمقدمِ او      بدقسمتِ آنکہ از وے، سوئے دگر دیدہ  
 میلِ بدی نباشد، الا رگے ز شیطان      اُس را بشرِ بائم، کز ہر شرے رہیدہ  
 اے کاین دلربائی، دَانَم کہ از کجائی      تو نورِ اُس خدائی، کیس خلقِ آفریدہ  
 میلم نہ اند باکس، محبوبِ مَن تُوئی بس      زیرِ کہ زان فغاں رسِ نورت ہماریدہ

13

از وحیِ خدا، صبحِ صداقت بدیدہ  
 چشمے کہ ندید اُس صُحفِ پاک، چہ دیدہ  
 کاخِ دلِ ماسُود، ز ہماں نافہِ معطر  
 واں یارِ بیامد، کہ زما بودِ رمیدہ

Do you know the grandeur of the quality of its knowledge?  
It is heavenly honey that has trickled from God's revelation! (5)

That sun of truthfulness—when it appeared upon the world—  
Every night-worshipping owl crept into its hollow.

No one sees the face of certitude in the world at all  
Except for him who finds comfort in its countenance.

Whoever became its knower, he became a storehouse of gnosis<sup>46</sup>—  
And he who is unaware of this world—he has not seen this world.

The rain of God's grace welcomes such a person—  
He is unfortunate who runs away to another direction from it.

Inclination towards evil is but a Satanic streak—  
I consider him a man who is rid of every evil. (10)

O heart-ravishing mine<sup>2</sup>, I know where you come from—  
You are the light of that God Who created these creatures.

I have no inclination remaining for any person—my beloved is only you—  
Because your light has reached us from that Listener-of-wails.

### (13) IN PRAISE OF THE HOLY QUR'AN

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, part 4, p. 335, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.1

With the revelation of God, the morn of truthfulness is shining—  
What has that eye seen that has not seen this pure scripture?

The edifice of our heart is perfumed with that musk—  
That Friend has come back Who had flown from us.

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<sup>2</sup> Alluding to the Holy Qur'an.

آں دیدہ، کہ نورے نگرفت ست از فراق  
 حقا کہ ہمہ عمر ز کوری نہ رہیدہ  
 آں دل کہ جز از فوسے گل گلزار خدا جست  
 سو گند تو اں خورد، کہ بویش نشمیدہ  
 باخور ندیم نسبت آں نور، کہ بینم  
 صد خور کہ بر پیرامن او، حلقہ کشیدہ  
 بے دولت و بد بخت، کسانیکہ ازاں نور  
 سرتافتہ از نخوت و پیوند بریدہ

18

## مناجات

اے خالقِ ارض و سما، برین در رحمت گشتا  
 وافی تو اں در و مرا، کنو و گراں پنہاں گنم  
 از بس لطیفی و لبر، در ہر گ و تارم در آ  
 تا چوں بخود یابم تہرا، دل خوشتر از بستاں گنم  
 و ر کشی اے پاک نحو، جہاں بکنم در و بحر تو  
 زانساں ہمہ گریم کنو و یک عالمے گریاں گنم  
 خواہی بقہرم کن مجاہ، خواہی بملطفم رونا  
 خواہی بخش یا کن رہا، گئے ترکاں و اماں گنم

That eye which has not grasped any light from the Qur'an,  
By God, it will not be rid of blindness all its life.

That heart which sought the flower of God's garden without it,  
By God, it has not even smelled its fragrance.

I do not compare that light with the sun, because I see  
A hundred suns standing around it in a circle. (5)

They are impoverished and unfortunate who, regarding that light,  
Turned away their heads with pride and severed the relation.

### (18) FERVENT PRAYERS

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, part 4, Footnote to the footnote, p. 613, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.1

O the Creator of the heavens and earth,  
    pray open the door of mercy upon me;  
Thou art aware of that ache of mine  
    that I hide from other people.

With great benevolence, O Cherished One,  
    pray enter my every vein and fibre;  
So that when I find Thee inside of me,  
    I make my heart merrier than an orchard.

But if Thou refusest, O Pure-natured-one,  
    I shall sever my life in Thy separation.  
I shall weep so much that with it,  
    I shall make an entire world cry.

If Thou wishest, Thou may separate me with anger—  
    If Thou wishest, Thou may appear with grace.  
If Thou wishest, Thou may kill me or set me free—  
    How can I let go of that garment<sup>3</sup>?

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<sup>3</sup> Garment here symbolises God's raiment—meaning God Himself.

مدح

20

جان و دلم فدائے جمالِ محمد است  
 خاکم تشارِ کُوحِ پُہ آلِ محمد است  
 دیدم بعینِ قلب و شنیدم بگوشِ ہوش  
 در ہر مکانِ ندائے جلالِ محمد است  
 ایں چشمِ رواں کہ بخلقِ خدا دہم  
 یک قطرۂ ز بحرِ کمالِ محمد است  
 ایں آتشم، ز آتشِ مہرِ محمدی ست  
 ویں آبِ من ز آبِ زلالِ محمد است

21

اے دلبر و دیستان و دلدار      سے جانِ جہان و نورِ انوار  
 لرزاں، ز تجلیت، دل و جاں      حیراں زِ رخت، قلوب و ابصار  
 در ذاتِ تو جز تحیرِے نیست      ہنگامِ نظر، نصیبِ افکار  
 در غیبی و، قدرتِ ہویدا      پنهانی و، کارِ تو نمودار

## (20) IN PRAISE OF THE HOLY PROPHET<sup>SA</sup>

*Akḥbār Riyāḍ Hind*, Amritsar, dated March 1, 1886, p. 645, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.5

My life and heart are devoted to the beauty of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>—  
My dust is sacrificed in the lane of Muhammad's progeny.

I see with the eye of the heart and hear with the ear of understanding:  
The proclamation of Muhammad's majesty in every dwelling.

This flowing spring that I give to the creatures of God,  
It is only a drop from the ocean of Muhammad's perfections.

This fire of mine is part of the fire of Muhammad's love—  
And this water of mine is from the pure water of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

## (21) IN PRAISE OF GOD

*Surma Chashm Ariya*, 1886, p. 49-50, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.2

O Beloved and Heart-ravisher and Dearest—  
O the life of the world and the Light of lights—

The heart and soul are trembling with Thy majesty—  
The hearts and eyes are dazed with Thy countenance.

There is nothing in Thy Person except wonders—  
As far as the eye sees—as far as the deliberations are destined.

Thou art unseen but Thy might is manifest—  
Thou art hidden but Thy workings are visible—

دُوری و، قریب تر زِ جاں ہم      نوری و، نہاں تر از شبِ تار  
 آں کیست کہ ہنٹھائے تو یافت      واں کو کہ، شود مُحیطِ اسرار  
 کردی دو جہاں عیاں، زِ قدرت      بے مادہ و، بے نیازِ انصار  
 وایں طرفہ، کہ پہنچ کم نہ گردد      با آنکہ عطاءے تست بسیار  
 حُسن تو غنی کند زِ ہر حُسن      مہر تو بخود کشد زِ ہر یار  
 حُسن نمکینت ار نہ بُودے      از حُسن نہ بُودے پیچِ آثار  
 شوخی زِ تو یافت، رُوئے خُوباں      رنگ از تو گرفت، گل بہ گلزار  
 سیمیں دُقتاں کہ سیب دارند      آمد زِ ہماں بلندِ اشجار  
 ایں ہردو، ازاں دیار آئند      گیسوئے مہتان و مُشکِ تانار  
 از ہر نمائشِ جمالت      بنیم ہمہ چیز، آئینہ دار  
 ہر برگ صیغۂ ہدایت      ہر جوہر، عَرَضِ شمعِ بردار  
 ہر نفس تو رہے نماید      ہر جاں بدہد، صلّائے ایں کار



Thou art afar—but also nearer than the soul—  
Thou art light—but concealed more than a dark night— (5)

Who is there who has found Thy limits!  
Who is there who has encompassed Thy secrets!

Thou hast manifested the two worlds through Thy might—  
Without matter and independent of helpers.

Then this marvel—that nothing is ever reduced,  
Despite the fact that Thy bounties are so many.

Thy beauty makes one free of any other beauty—  
Thy love attracts by itself—away from every friend.

If Thy lovely beauty were not there—  
There would not have been any trace of beauty itself. (10)

The faces of the handsome obtained their petulance from Thee—  
The flower in the garden gained its colour from Thee.

Those fair beauties that possess the apple-like chins,  
They all come from those high trees.

These two also come from that land:  
The locks of the beloveds and the musk of Tatar<sup>47</sup>.

For the purpose of Thy beauty's display,  
I see everything as being a mirror:

Every leaf is a volume of guidance—  
Every excellence and essence is carrying light. (15)

Every person shows the way unto Thee—  
Every soul makes a proclamation in this regard.

ہر ذرہ فشانے از تو نورے      ہر قطرہ براند، از تو آنہار  
 ہر سوزِ عجائب تو شورے      ہر جا، زِ غرائب تو اذکار  
 از یاد تو، نورِ ہا بہ بینم      در حلقہٴ عاشقانِ خوشبار  
 آنکس کہ بہ بندِ عشقت افتاد      دیگر نہ شنید پسندِ اغیار  
 اے مونسِ جاں، چہ دستانی      کز خود بر بودیم بہ یکبار  
 از یاد تو، ایں دلے بہ غم غرق      وارد گھرے نہاں، صدف وار  
 چشم و سرِ ما فدائے رویت      جان و دلِ ما، بہ تو گرفتار  
 عشق تو، بہ نقدِ جاں خریدیم      تا دم نہ زند، و گر خریدار  
 غیر از تو، کہ سر ز دے زِ جلیم؟      در بُرجِ و لم نماںد و تیار  
 عمریت کہ ترکِ خویش پویند      کردیم، و دمے مجز از تو دشوار

Every particle disperses light from Thee—  
Every drop from Thee flows into rivers.

Everywhere, there is a clamour of Thy wonders—  
Every place, there is mention of Thy amazing things.

With Thy remembrance I see lights  
In the assembly of blood-shedding lovers.

That person who was captivated with Thy love,  
He did not listen to the advice of others. (20)

O my soul's Comforter, what is this heart-stealing—  
That we were made senseless suddenly.

With Thy remembrance this heart, being drowned in grief,  
Possesses a hidden pearl like as an oyster.

My eye and head are sacrificed for Thy countenance—  
My life and heart are captivated by Thee.

We have purchased Thy love with ready money  
So that another buyer does not dare do it.

Other than Thee who else could have appeared from my heart?  
In the constellation of my heart, there is no other dweller. (25)

An age has gone by since we gave up our own relatives—  
But a breath without Thee is most difficult.

24

سینہ مے باید، تہی از غیر یار    دل مے باید، پُر از یادِ نگار  
جاں مے باید، براہِ اوفدا    سر مے باید، پیائے اُونشار  
ہیچ دانی؟ چسیت دینِ عاشقان    گوئمت، گر بشنوی عشاق وار  
از ہمہ عالم، فرو بستن نظر  
لوحِ دل شستن، ز غیر دوستدار

26

تا بر دلم نظر شد از مہر، ماہِ مارا    کر دست سیمِ خالصِ قلبِ سیاہِ مارا  
لطفِ عمیمِ دلبر، ہر دم مرا بخواند    ہر چند مے زنند ایں آغیار، راہِ مارا  
در کونے دستانم، چوں خاکِ کُشبِ دُز    دیگر نشانِ چہ باشد، اقبالِ وجاہِ مارا

## (24) THE FAITH OF LOVERS

*Surma Chashm Ariya*, 1886, p. 258, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.2

The heart must be free of everyone other than the Friend—  
The heart should remain filled with the remembrance of the Dear.

The life should be sacrificed on His path—  
The head should be surrendered at His feet.

Do you know as to what is the faith of lovers?  
I will tell you if you listen like the lovers:

It is to close the eye from the entire world—  
To wash the slate of heart of those other than the Friend.

## (26) A GLANCE OF LOVE

*Surma Chashm Ariya*, 1886, p. 300-301, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.2

When my Moon<sup>4</sup> cast a glance on my heart with love,  
It turned my black heart into pure silver.

The abundant bounties of the Darling call me every moment—  
Much as these strangers obstruct my path.

Day and night, I lie in the Darling's lane like road-dust—  
What other signs can there be for our prestige and grandeur?

---

<sup>4</sup> Moon here alludes to God.

شانِ اسُمد را کہ داند، بجز خداوندِ کریم  
 آنچنان، از خود جدا شد، کز میان اُفتادیم  
 زان منطشِ محوِ دلبر، کز کمالِ اتساع  
 پیکرِ اُوشد سراسر، صورتِ ربِّ رحیم  
 بوئے محبوبِ حقیقی مے دند، زان روئے پاک  
 ذاتِ حقانی صفاتش، منظرِ ذاتِ قدیم  
 گرچہ منسوبم کند کس، سوئے الحاد و ضلال  
 چوں دلِ احمد نے بنیم، وگر عرشِ عظیم  
 منتِ ایزد را، کہ من بر غمِ اہل روزگار  
 صد بلا را میخرم، از ذوقِ آں عینِ النعم  
 از عنایاتِ خدا، وز فضلِ آں دادِ پاک  
 دشمنِ فرعونِ نام، بہر عشقِ آں کلیم  
 آں مقام و ترتبتِ خاصش، کہ بر من شد عیاں  
 گفتے، گر دیدم طبعے دریں را ہے سلیم  
 در رہِ عشقِ محمّد، ایں سرو جانم رَوَد  
 ایں تمنا، ایں دعا، ایں دروِلمِ عزمِ صمیم

**(29) EMINENCE OF AHMAD<sup>SA</sup>**

*Tauḍīḥ Marām*, 1891, p. 62-63, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.3

Who knows the eminence of Ahmad<sup>sa</sup> except the Benevolent God!  
He separated from his self in such a way that the “*m*” dropped from the  
middle<sup>5</sup>.

He became absorbed in the Darling in such a way that through perfect union  
His countenance became exactly the image of the Merciful Lord.

The fragrance of the True Beloved emanates from that pure countenance—  
His traits are God-like—manifestation of the Ancient Person.

Although one may associate me with heresy and error,  
I do not see another high empyrean<sup>6</sup> like the heart of Ahmad<sup>sa</sup>.

It is His favour that contrary to the worldly people  
I incur hundreds of troubles because of the desire for that spring of grace. (5)

By the blessings of God and the grace of that kind God,  
I, too, am an enemy of the Pharaoh because of the love of that speaker<sup>7</sup>.

That station and rank of him that have manifested upon me,  
I would have mentioned them if I had seen a friendly one on this path.

This head and life may be sacrificed in the way of Muhammad's love;  
This is my desire, my prayer and sincere resolution in my heart.

---

<sup>5</sup> Alluding to a play on words. When the “*m*” is dropped from the word Ahmad, only  
Ahad remains which means One and is an attribute of God.

<sup>6</sup> Empyrean is generally associated with the highest heaven and is believed, in Islam and  
Christianity, as the figurative abode of God.

<sup>7</sup> The word *kalīm* (meaning a speaker) is generally used for Moses who spoke with God.  
In the present verse, it alludes to the Holy Prophet<sup>sa</sup> who also spoke to God.

30

اَس نہ دانائے بُود، کزنہا شکیبائی نفس  
 خوشتن را، زودتر، برضدِ انکار آورد  
 صبر باید طالبِ حق را، کہ تخم اندر جہاں  
 ہرچہ نہاں خاصیت دارد، ہماں بار آورد  
 اندکے نور فراست باید ایں جا، مرد را  
 تا صداقت، خوشتن را، خود بہ اظہار آورد  
 صادقان را، صدقِ پنهانی نمے ماند نہاں  
 نورِ پنهان، برجینِ مرد، انوار آورد  
 ہر کہ از دستِ کسے خورد است کاساتِصال  
 ہر زمان، رُویش سُرویرِ واصل یار آورد

31

جائیکہ از مسیح و نزولش سُخنِ رَوَد  
 گویم سُخن، اگرچہ ندارند باوَرَم  
 کاندَرِ وِلَمِ دَمیدِ خُداوندِ کردگار  
 کاں برگزیدہ را، زِ رہِ صدقِ مظہم



### **(30) ADVICE TO THE SEEKER OF TRUTH**

*Azāla Auhām*, 1891, Part 1, p. 104, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.3

He is not wise who, because of the impatience of the self,  
Is bent immediately upon obstinacy and denial.

The seeker of truth should observe patience because a seed in the world  
Brings out the fruit of whatever qualities lie hidden in it.

A man needs to have a little light of sagacity at this time  
So that the truth becomes apparent by itself.

The hidden truth of the truthful ones does not remain concealed—  
The hidden light exhibits illumination on a person's forehead.

Anyone who has drunk the cups of union from someone's hand,  
His countenance continues to display the joy of union all the time. (5)

### **(31) DESCENT OF THE MESSIAH**

*Azāla Auhām*, part 1, 1891, p. 180-185, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.3

Anywhere when mention is made of the Messiah and his descent,  
I make this statement although they do not place their belief in me:

God Almighty has breathed<sup>8</sup> into my heart  
That I am a true manifestation of that chosen one<sup>9</sup>.

---

<sup>8</sup> Meaning that God has revealed to me.

<sup>9</sup> Referring here to Jesus Christ<sup>as</sup>.

موعودم و، بجلیئے ماثور آہدم  
 حیف است، اگر بدریدہ نہ بیند منظم  
 رنگم چو گندم است، و بمو فرق بین است  
 ز افساں کہ آمدست، در اخبار سرورم  
 ایں مقدّم، نہ جائے شکوک ست و التباس  
 سیّد جدا کند، ز مسیحا ئے احمم  
 از کلّیہ منارہ شرقی، عجب مدار  
 چوں خود ز مشرق است تجلی نیرم  
 اینک منم کہ حسبِ بشارات آہدم  
 عیسیٰ کجاست، تا بہند پا بہ منبرم  
 آں را کہ حق بر جنتِ خلّش مقام داد  
 چوں بر خلافِ وعدہ، بروں آرد، اندازم  
 چوں کافر، از ستم، پرستند مسیح را  
 غیورِی حسد، بکش کرد، ہمسرم  
 رو، یک نظر، بجانبِ فرقاں، ز غور کن  
 تا بر تو منکشف شود، ایں رازِ مضمّم

I am the promised one and I have come as described in the Traditions—  
What pity if they do not see my countenance with their eyes.

My complexion is wheat-like and there is distinct difference in our hair—  
As it is described in the Traditions of my master.

In this advent of mine, there is no room for doubt or confusion—  
The leader<sup>10</sup> has separated me from the red-complexioned<sup>11</sup> Messiah. (5)

Do not be surprised at the mention of the eastern minaret—  
As the manifestation of my sun itself is from the east.

Behold! It is I who has come according to the good tidings—  
Where is Jesus<sup>as</sup> that he may lay his feet on my pulpit?

He whom God has given a place in the everlasting heaven,  
How can he, contrary to the promise, come out of paradise?

Because a disbeliever worships the Messiah through ignorance,  
God's regard for His own honour made me his equal.

Go and cast an eye on the Qur'an with understanding  
So that this secret hidden in me becomes apparent to you. (10)

---

<sup>10</sup> The leader here refers to the Holy Prophet Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

<sup>11</sup> Pointing out the fact that the ancient Messiah and the returning Messiah are two different persons according the Ahadith. The ancient Messiah being red-complexioned and the returning Messiah being wheat-coloured.

یارب، کجاست محرم رازِ مکاشفات  
 تا نورِ باطنش، خبر آرد زِ مخبرم  
 آں قبلہ، رُو نمود بگیتی، بچار دہم  
 بعد از ہزار و سہ، کہ بت افکند در حرم  
 جو شید آںچنان کرمِ منبعِ میوض  
 کاند، ندائے یار، زِ ہر کوئے و معبرم

اے معترض، بخوفِ الہی، صبور باش  
 تا خود خدا، عیاں کند، آں نورِ اخترم  
 آخر خواندہ، کہ گمانِ نکو کفید  
 چوں مے روی، بروں زِ خودش برادرم  
 بر من چسدا کشتی تو چنیں خنجرِ زباں  
 از خود نیم، زِ قادِرِ ذوالجبرِ اکبرم  
 مامورم و مرا چہ دریں کار اختیار  
 رو، ایں سخنِ یگو، بخداوندِ آفرم  
 اے آنکہ، سوئے من بدویدی، بصد تبر  
 از باغباںِ بترس، کہ من شاخِ منبرم

O Lord, where is the confidant to the secrets of revelations  
So that the light of his heart brings news from my announcer<sup>12</sup>?

That eminent one showed his face during the fourteenth century—  
Thirteen hundred years after the idols were cast out from the Ka‘ba.

The benevolence of the source-of-blessings became so roused  
That the call of the friend came from every lane and pathway of mine.

O objector, have patience with the fear of God  
Until God Himself makes manifest that light of my star.

Have you not read that you should have good opinion?  
Then why, my brother, do you go beyond the limits? (15)

Why do you assail me like this with the dagger of the tongue?  
I have not come by myself; I am from the Mighty and the Great Glorious  
One.

I am appointed—and what control do I have in this matter?  
Go, say this thing to God Who is my Commander.

O he who runs towards me with a hundred axes,  
Fear the Gardener, as I am a fruit-laden branch!

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<sup>12</sup> “Announcer” here alludes to the Holy Prophet<sup>sa</sup>.

حکم است ز آسماں، بنز میں مے رسانی  
 گر بَشَنُوم، بگویش، آں را گجا بزم  
 اے قوم من! بگفتہ من، تنگدل مباش  
 ز اول چین مجوش، ہیں تابا خسرم  
 من خود نکویم اینکہ بلوح خدا، ہمیں است  
 گر طاقت، محو کن، آں نقش داوم  
 در تنگنائے حیرت و حکم، ز قوم خویش  
 یارب عنایتے، کہ ازیں منکر مضطرم  
 نے چشم ماندہ است و، نہ گوش و، نہ نور دل  
 جز یک زبان شاں کہ نیز زو بیک درم  
 بد گفتنم، ز نوع عبادت شمرده اند  
 در چشم شاں، پلید تواز ہر مژورم  
 اے دل تو نیز، خاطر ایساں، نگاہ دار  
 کا خسر گفتند، دعویٰ حُب پیغمبرم  
 اے منکر پیام سروش و ندائے حق  
 از من خطا میں، کہ خطا در تو بدشگرم

The order comes from the heavens—I convey it to the earth—  
If I hear it and do not convey it, where do I take it?

O my people! Do not become despondent from my speech—  
Do not get so excited in the beginning—see until my end. (20)

I do not say it myself—it is so in the tablet of God—  
If you have power, erase this plan of my God.

I am in the grip of amazement and grief because of my own people—  
O my Lord, bless me, as I am afflicted with this woe.

Neither their eyes remain, nor ears, nor the light of heart—  
Except for one tongue of theirs, which is not equal to a single dirham<sup>13</sup>.

To say bad about me is considered a kind of worship by them—  
In their eyes, I am more defiled than every crooked one.

Yet, O heart, you make allowance for their sake—  
After all, they make claim to the love of my Prophet<sup>sa</sup>! (25)

O the denier of the message of angels and of the proclamation of truth—  
Do not look for the error in me—I see the error in you.

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<sup>13</sup> A lowly coin equivalent to a penny.

جانم گداخت، از غم ایمانت، اے عزیز  
 ویں طرفہ تر، کہ من بگمان تو کافر م  
 خواہی کہ روشنت شود، احوال صدق ما  
 روشندی بخواہ، ازاں ذاتِ ذوالکرم  
 گوش و لم، بجانب تکفیر کس گجاست  
 من مست جاہائے عنایاتِ دلبرم  
 از طعن دشمنانِ جبرے، چوں شود مرا  
 کاندِ خیالِ دوست، بخواب خوش اندرم  
 من میزیم بوحیِ خدائے کہ با من است  
 پیغامِ اوست، چوں نفسِ روح پرورم  
 من رخت بُردہ ام، بعماراتِ یارِ خویش  
 دیگر خبر میسر ازین تیرہ کشورم  
 عشقش، بتار و پودِ دلِ من، درویشِ شداست  
 مہرِش شداست، در رہِ دین، مہرِ انورم  
 رازِ محبتِ من و او، فاش گر شدے  
 بسیار تن کہ جاں افشانده، بریں درم



O dear one, my soul is melted with the grief for your faith—  
But this is highly strange that in your estimation I am a disbeliever.

If you wish the reality of our truth to be illumined upon you,  
Ask for the illumination of the heart from that Benevolent Person.

Where is my heart's desire to consider anyone a disbeliever?  
I am intoxicated with the cups of my Beloved's bounties.

What effect can reviling by enemies have on me?  
I am filled with the thought of the Friend—I am in a delightful dream. (30)

I am steadied by the revelation of God, which is with me—  
His message is like a life-giving breath for me.

I have taken my belongings to the home of my Friend—  
Do not ask me about this dark world.

His love has entered the cells and fibres of my heart—  
His love has become a brilliant sun for me on the path of faith.

If the secret of love between Him and I were divulged,  
Many a person would have laid their lives at my door.

اَبْنائے روزگار، ندانند رازِ مَن  
 مَن نُورِ خود، نہفتہ زِ چشمانِ شپَرَم  
 بعد از رَم، ہر آنچہ پسندید ہیچ نیست  
 بدِ قسمت آنکہ در نظرش، ہیچ مُحترَم  
 ہر لحظہ مے خوریم، زِ جامِ وصالِ دوست  
 ہر دمِ انیس یارِ علی غِیمِ مُنکرم  
 بادِ بہشت بر دلِ پُرسوزِ مَن وَرَد  
 صد نگہِ لطیفِ دہد، دُودِ بَخمرَم  
 بدبوئے حاسداں نرساند، زیاں بَمَن  
 مَن ہر زماں، زِ نافہِ یادش مُعظَم  
 کارم زِ قُرب یار، بجائے رسیدہ است  
 کاجا، زِ فہم و دانشِ اغیار، برترم  
 پایم زِ لُطفِ یارِ بختِ خنیدہ است  
 وز فضلِ آلِ حبیب بدستِ ساغرَم  
 جوشِ اجابتش، کہ بوقتِ دُعا بود  
 زان گونہ زاریم، شَنِیدستِ مادرَم

Worldly people do not comprehend my secret—  
I have concealed my light from the eyes of the bats. (35)

Leaving my path, whatever they choose is of no value—  
He is unfortunate in whose sight worthless is revered.

Every moment we drink from the cup of the Friend's union—  
Every moment I am the Friend's companion against the spite of the denier.

The breeze of paradise blows over my grief-stricken heart—  
The smoke from this incense-grate gives off lots of lovely fragrance.

The stench of the jealous ones does not inflict any injury upon me—  
I am perfumed by the musk of His remembrance all the time.

My affair has reached such a level in the sight of the Friend,  
That I am much higher than the intelligence and insight of strangers. (40)

My feet are sliding into the paradise with the grace of the Friend—  
And with the grace of that Friend, the wine-cup is in my hand.

The fervour of His acceptance that takes place at the time of prayer,  
Even my mother has not heard so much wailing.

ہر سوے و ہر طرف، رُخِ آں یارِ سبِ گم  
 آں دیگرے کجاست، کہ آئید بخاطرِ م  
 اے حسرت، ایں گروہِ عزیزاں مرانید  
 وقتے بر بیدم کہ ازیں خاکِ بگذرم  
 گر خوں شد است دل، زغم و دردِ شاں، پشند  
 ہست آرزو، کہ سرِ برود، ہم دریں سَرم  
 ہر شب، ہزار غم، بمن آئید، زِ دردِ قوم  
 یارب، نجات بخش، ازیں روزِ پر شرم  
 یارب، بابِ حشیم من، ایں کسلِ شاں، بشو  
 کامروز، تر شد دست ازیں درد، بسترِ م  
 دریاب، چونکہ آبِ زہر تو رنجتم  
 دریاب، چونکہ جز تو، نمائد است دیگرِ م  
 تارِ کئی غموم، باخسندے رسد  
 ایں شب مگر تمام شود، روزِ محترم  
 دلِ خوں شد است، ازغمِ ایں قومِ ناشناس  
 و از عالمانِ کج، کہ گرفتند چنبرِ م

Every way and in every direction, I see the countenance of that Friend—  
Who else is there who comes in my thoughts?

Alas! This group of friends has not recognised me—  
They would recognise me when I have passed away from this world.

What if my heart is wounded because of pain and grief for them?  
The desire is to lose even the head in this endeavour of mine. (45)

A myriad woes afflict me every night because of sympathy for the people—  
O Lord, grant me salvation on that day full of shame<sup>14</sup>.

O Lord, pray wash off their laziness with the water from my eyes—  
Because today my bed has become wet from this grief.

Pray help! Because I shed water for Thy sake—  
Pray help! Because there is no one else like unto Thee.

The gloom of woes does not come to an end—  
This night may continue until the Day of Resurrection.

The heart is wounded by the grief for this ignorant nation—  
Also because of crooked scholars who are after my neck. (50)

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<sup>14</sup> The day full of shame alludes to the Day of Judgment.

گر علم خشک و کورئی باطن نہ رہے زوے  
 ہر عالم و فقیہ شدے، ہچو چاکرم  
 برسنگ مے گند آثر، ایں منطقہ مگر  
 بے بہرہ ایں کساں، زیر کلام مؤثرم  
 علم آں بود، کہ نور فریاست، رفیقِ اوست  
 ایں علم تیرہ را، بہ پیشینے نئے خرم  
 امروز قوم من، شناسد مقام من  
 روزے، بگریہ یاد کند، وقتِ خوشترم  
 اے قوم من، بصبر، نظر سوئے غیب دار  
 تا دستِ خود، بجز، زیر ہر تو گشترم  
 گر ہچو خاک، پیش تو قدم بود، چہ پاک  
 چوں خاک نے، کہ از خس و خاشاک کمترم  
 لطف است و فضلِ او، کہ نواز د، و گر نہ من  
 کرم نہ آدمی، صدق استم، نہ گوہرم  
 زانگوئے، دستِ او، دلم از غیرِ خود کشید  
 گوئی، گہے نہ بودِ دگر، در تصورم

If dry knowledge and blindness of the heart were not an impediment,  
Every scholar and theologian would have been like servants for me.

My pronouncements have an effect on stone, however  
These people are deprived of my effective discourse.

Knowledge is that which is accompanied by the light of sagacity—  
This obscure knowledge—I would not buy it for a penny.

Today, my people do not recognise my station—  
One day, they will remember my blessed time with tears.

O my people! Cast an eye towards the unseen with patience,  
So that I raise<sup>15</sup> my hands with humility for your sake. (55)

If my worth to you is like dust, so what—  
Let alone dust, I am less than rubbish and refuse.

It is His bounty and grace that He has bestowed, otherwise  
I am an insect, not a man—I am an oyster-shell, not a pearl.

His hand pulled my heart away from the strangers in such a way  
As if no one else had existed in my imagination.

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<sup>15</sup> Meaning raising the hands for prayer to God.

بعد از خدا، بعشق محمد مجرم  
 گر کفر این بود بخدا سخت کافرم  
 ہر تار و پود من، بسراید بعشق او  
 از خود تہی و از غم آں دستان پر م  
 من در حریم قدس، چراغ صداقت  
 و شمشیر محافظ است، نہ ہر بادِ صرصر  
 ہر دم فلک، شہادتِ صدق ہے دہد  
 زینم کد ام غم، کہ زمین گشت مینکرم  
 واللہ کہ، ہمو کشتیِ نوحم نہ کردگار  
 بے دولت آنکہ دور بماند نہ لنگرم  
 ایں آتش، کہ دامنِ آخر زماں بسوخت  
 از بہر چارہ اش، بخدا، نہر کوثر م  
 من نیستم رسول و نیاوردہ ام کتاب  
 ہاں ملہم استم و ز خداوند منذر م  
 یارب، بزائیم نظرے کن، بلطف و فضل  
 جز دستِ رحمت تو، دگر کیست یا ورم؟  
 جانم و ندا شود برو دینِ مصطفیٰ  
 ایں است کامِ دل، اگر آید میسر م



After God, I am intoxicated with the love of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>—  
If this happens to be disbelief, by God I am a firm disbeliever.

Every cell and fibre of mine is permeated with his love—  
Myself being empty, I am filled with the concern for that beloved. (60)

In the Holy Sanctuary, I am the lamp of truth—  
His hand is my protector from every fierce wind.

Every moment, the heavens keep giving testimony of my truth—  
Then what grief do I have if the dwellers of the earth deny me?

By God, I am like the ark of Noah from God—  
Unfortunate is he who remains far from my mooring place.

This fire that has scorched the Latter Days—  
For its remedy, by God, I am the river of *Kauthar*<sup>16</sup>.

I am not a Messenger<sup>17</sup> and I have not brought a Book—  
Yes, I am a recipient of revelation and a Warner from God. (65)

O Lord, pray cast a glance of benevolence and grace because of my grief—  
Except for Thy hand of mercy, who else is there as my helper?

May my life be sacrificed on the path of Mustafa's religion—  
This is my heart's desire if it becomes feasible!

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<sup>16</sup> *Kauthar* is a blessed river in paradise.

<sup>17</sup> The Promised Messiah<sup>as</sup> has used the word "Messenger" here in the sense of a law-giving Messenger. Otherwise, he did claim to be a dependent non-law giving Messenger and Prophet of God.

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اے خدا، جانم برائے راتِ فدا اُمّیاں رامے دہی فہم و ذکا  
درجہانت، همچو من اُمّی گجاست درجہالت ہا، مرا نشو و نماست  
کز کئے بودم، مرا کردی بشر من عجب تر، از مسیحے بے پدر

33

اے خدا، اے مالکِ ارض و سما  
اے پناہِ حزبِ خود، در ہر بلا  
اے رحیم و دستگیر و رہنما  
ایکہ در دستِ توفضل است و قضا  
سخت شورے اوفتاد اندر زمیں  
رحم کن بر خلق، اے جاں آفریں  
امرِ فیصل، از جنابِ خود نما  
تا شود قطعِ نزاع و فتنہ ہا

### **(32) AN ADDRESS TO GOD**

*Azāla Auhām*, 1891, part 1, p. 294, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.3

O God, I sacrifice my life for Thy secrets—  
Thou givest understanding and acumen to the illiterates.

In Thy world, where is there an illiterate such as I?—  
My upbringing was carried out in ignorance.

I used to be an insect—Thou made me a man—  
I am more amazing than the fatherless Messiah!

### **(33) A PLEA TO GOD**

*Āsmānī Faisla* 1891, p. 321, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.4

O God, O the Master of the heavens and earth—  
O the Sanctuary of Thy own people from every calamity—

O the Merciful and the Protector and the Guide—  
O He in Whose hand is benevolence and decree—

A severe commotion has fallen upon the earth—  
Pray have mercy upon the creatures, O the Creator of souls.

Pray manifest a decisive command from Thine own Person  
So that dissension and rioting are terminated.

بکوشید اے جواناں، تاب روئیں قوت شود پیدا  
 بہار و رولقی، اندر روضہ کثرت شود پیدا  
 اگر یاراں کنوں بر غرابت اسلام، رحم آید  
 باصحابِ نبیؐ، نزدِ جہدِ نسبت شود پیدا  
 نفاق و اختلافِ ناشناساں، از میاں نبرد  
 کمالِ اتفاق و خلقت و الفت شود پیدا  
 بجنید، از پئے کوشش، کہ از در گاہِ ربّانی  
 زیرِ ناصرانِ دینِ حق، نصرت شود پیدا  
 اگر امروزی کبرِ عزّتِ دین در شما جو شد  
 شمارانیز، واللہ، رتبت و عزّت شود پیدا  
 اگر دستِ عطا، در نصرتِ اسلام بختائید  
 ہم از بہر شما، ناگہ یدِ قدرت شود پیدا  
 زبندِ مال، در راہِش، کسے مفلس نہ گردد  
 خدا خود مے شود ناصر، اگر ہمت شود پیدا  
 دور و زعمِ خود، در کارِ دین کوشید اے یاراں  
 کہ آخر ساعتِ حِلّتِ بصدّ حضرت شود پیدا

### (35) ADVICE TO THE JAMA‘AT

*Ā'īna Kamālāt Islam*, 1893, Title page, p. 2, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.5

Strive, O young ones, so that the religion is strengthened—  
So that spring and splendour are developed in the garden of faith.

O friends, if you take pity at the humbleness of Islam now,  
You will be regarded as the Companions of the Prophet<sup>sa</sup> by God.

Hypocrisy and discord among the ignorant may be removed—  
Great unity, love and affection may develop.

Get up for the purpose of striving so that from the court of the Lord,  
Succour may come for the helpers of the true faith.

If today the concern for the honour of faith stirs in you,  
By God, rank and honour shall be given to you as well. (5)

If you open your hand of generosity for the aid of Islam,  
Suddenly, the hand of Providence will also be opened for you.

Loss of wealth on His way does not make anyone poor—  
God Himself becomes a helper if there is determination.

O friends, spend two days of your life working for the faith—  
As the time of departure shall bring about a hundred regrets.

اُمیدِ دیں رواں گرداں، اُمیدِ تو روا گرد  
 زِ صدِ نو میدی و یاس و اَلَم، رحمتِ شود پیدا  
 در انصارِ نبیِ بَسْگَر، کہ چوں شد کارِ تادانی  
 کہ از تائیدِ دیں، سرِ چشمِ دولتِ شود پیدا  
 بجوازِ جان و دل، تا خدمتِ از دستِ تو آید  
 بقائے جاوداں یابی، اگر ایں شربتِ شود پیدا  
 بمُفتِ ایں اجرِ نصرتِ را، دہندتِ اے انجی ورنہ  
 قضائے آسمانِ نشتِ ایں، بہرِ حالتِ شود پیدا  
 جے بینم کہ دادرِ تیر و پاکِ مے خواہد  
 کہ باز آں قوتِ اسلام و آں شوکتِ شود پیدا  
 کریمِ اَصَدِ کَرَمِ کُن، بر کسے گونا میر وین است  
 بلائے اُو بگرداں، اگر گہے آفتِ شود پیدا  
 چُناں خوش دار و اُر اے خدائے قَادِرِ مَلِک!  
 کہ در ہر کار و بار و حالِ اُو، جنتِ شود پیدا  
 در یغ و درد، قومِ من ندائے من نئے شُود  
 ز ہر درمیدِ ہم پندش، مگر عبرتِ شود پیدا

By fulfilling the hope for the faith, your hopes will be fulfilled—  
Blessings will come after a hundred disappointments, despairs and grief.

Look at the Prophet's helpers how they worked, so that you know  
That by supporting the faith, springhead of wealth is opened up. (10)

Strive with heart and soul so that your hands achieve some service—  
You will obtain everlasting life if this drink is produced.

O brother, they are giving free this reward for help, otherwise  
This happens to be a heavenly decree—it will come about in any case.

I see that the Mighty and Pure God so desires  
That the power and splendour of Islam develops once again.

O Benefactor! Send myriad blessings on him who is a helper of the faith—  
Pray avert his calamities if misfortune ever comes about.

O Mighty and Supreme God, keep him so happy  
That a heaven develops in every undertaking and affair of his. (15)

Pity and grief! My people do not listen to my wailing—  
I give them advice in every way so that they heed the warning.

مرا باور نمے آید، کہ چشمِ خویش بخشایند  
 مگر وقتیکہ، خوف و عفت و خشیت شود پیدا  
 مرادِ جلال و کذاب و، بتر از کافراں فہم نہ  
 نمیدانم، چرا از نورِ حق، نفرت شود پیدا  
 عجب دارید اے نا آشنا یاں، غافلان ازین!  
 کہ از حق چشمِ حیرانِ حیاں، دریں ظلمت شود پیدا  
 چرا انساں تعجب ہا کند، در سکرِ ایں معنی  
 کہ خواب آلودگاں را، رافعِ غفلت شود پیدا  
 فراموش شد اے قوم، احادیثِ نبی اللہ  
 کہ نزد ہر صدی، یک مصلح امت شود پیدا

36

محبت تو، دوائے ہزار بیماری است  
 بروئے تو کہ، رہائی دریں گرفتاری است  
 پناہِ روئے تو جستن، نہ طورِ مستان است  
 کہ آمدن بر پناہت، کمالِ ہشیاری است



I do not believe that they will open their eyes—  
Until such time that dread, virtue and fear develop in them.

They consider me a deceiver and liar—rather worse than disbelievers—  
I do not know as to why hatred has developed for the light of God?

Do you wonder, O ignorant and neglectful of the faith,  
That a spring of life has emerged from God during this gloom?

Why does a man wonder with respect to this concern  
That an abolisher of neglect has been born for those affected by sleep? (20)

O my people! You have forgotten the Traditions of God's Prophet<sup>sa</sup>—  
That at the head of every century, a reformer is born for the people.

### **(36) THY LOVE IS A REMEDY FOR A THOUSAND AILMENTS**

*Ā'īna Kamālāt-e Islam*, 1893, p. 3, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.5

Thy love is a remedy for a thousand ailments;  
By Thy countenance! Freedom lies in this captivation!

To seek the refuge of Thy countenance is not the way of the crazed—  
Because coming under Thy protection is great shrewdness.

متارِعِ مہرِ رُخ تو، نہاں خواہم داشت  
 کہ نَحْصِہ داشتِ عشق تو، زِ غدا ری است  
 بر آں سَرم کہ سرو جاں فدائے تو بکنم  
 کہ جاں بیار سپردن، حقیقتِ یاری است

38

بدہ از چشمِ خود آبی، در خنانِ محبت را  
 مگر روزے دہندت، میوہائے پُر حلاوت را  
 مہِ اسلام در باطن، حقیقت ہا ہے دارد  
 گجا باشد خبر ز اں مہ، گر قمارانِ صورت را  
 من از یار آدم، تا خلق را ایں ماہ بنمایم  
 گر اِمر و زم نئے بینی، بینی روزِ حسرت را  
 گر از چشمِ تو پنهانست شانم، دمِ مزنِ باہے  
 کہ بد پرہیز بیاسے نہ بیند رُوعِ صِحّت را  
 چو چشمِ حق شناس و، نورِ عرفان نہ بخشیدند  
 نہادی نامِ کافر، لا جرم، عَشاقِ مِلّت را

I shall never hide the wealth of Thy countenance's love—  
Because hiding Thy love is disloyalty.

I am ready to lay down my head and life for Thee—  
Because to hand over the life to the beloved is real love.

### **(38) IRRIGATION OF TREES OF LOVE**

*Ā'īna Kamālāt Islam*, 1893, p. 55-57, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.5

Irrigate the tress of love with the water from your own eyes—  
So that one day they yield for you fruits full of sweetness.

The moon of Islam contains many truths inside it—  
What would they know about this moon who are enslaved to its image?

I have come from the Friend so that I show this moon to the people—  
If you do not see it today, you will see it on the day of regret<sup>18</sup>.

If my station is hidden from your eyes, do not say a word—  
Because an intemperate patient does not see the face of health.

Because you were not granted a discerning eye and the light of gnosis,  
For this reason, you called the lovers of faith disbelievers. (5)

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<sup>18</sup> Alluding to the Day of Judgment.

گجا از آستانِ مصطفیٰ، اے ابلہ ابگریم  
 نئے یابیم، درجائے وگراں جاہ و دولت را  
 بحمد اللہ، کہ خودِ قطعِ تعلق کرد ایں قومے  
 خدا از رحمت و احسان، ہمیشہ کر و خلوت را  
 چہ دوزخہا کہ میدیدم، بیدارِ چنینِ روبا  
 بنازم و بے خود را، کہ بازم داد جنت را  
 چہ مے سوزی از اں قریبے، کہ با دلدار میدام  
 اگر زورِ لیسیت در دستت، بگردانِ زرقِ قسمت را  
 بہ نخت ہانے آید بدست، آں دامنِ پاکش  
 کسے عزت ازو یابد، کہ سوز و رختِ عزت را  
 اگر خواہی رہِ مولیٰ ز لافِ علمِ خالی شو  
 کہ رہِ ندہند، در گویش، اسیرِ کبر و نخوت را  
 مینہ دل در تنہائے دنیا، اگر حُسنِ خواہی  
 کہ مے خواہ، نگار من تہیدستانِ عشرت را  
 مصفاً قطرہً باید، کہ تا گوہر شود پیدا  
 گجا بیند، دلِ ناپاک، روئے پاکِ حضرت را

O fool, where should we run to from the threshold of Mustafa<sup>sa</sup>?  
We cannot find such splendour and wealth any other place.

Thank God that these people severed the relations by themselves—  
God provided solitude through His mercy and benevolence.

What hell I used to see from the sight of those faces—  
I take pride in my Beloved that He granted me paradise again.

Why are you bitter about the nearness I possess with respect to the Beloved?  
If you have strength in your hand, avert the provisions that are destined.

His pure garment cannot be held through haughtiness—  
Only he finds respect from Him who burns his raiment of esteem. (10)

If you desire the path of God, give up the boasting of knowledge—  
Because the haughty and the proud are not given any access to His lane.

Detach your heart from the worldly delights if you want God—  
“Because my Beloved likes those who are without enjoyments”<sup>19</sup>.

“It needs to be a pure drop of water so that a pearl is produced”<sup>20</sup>—  
When does an impure heart see the pure face of God!

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<sup>19</sup> This line is a revealed verse.

<sup>20</sup> This line is a revealed verse.

نمے بایدمر ایک ذرہ عزتہائے اس دنیا  
 مہنہ از بہر یا کرسی، کہ ماموریم خدمت را  
 ہمہ خلق و جہاں خواہد، برائے نفس خود عزت  
 خلاف من کہ میخواستیم براہ یار، ذلت را  
 ہمہ در دور این عالم، آمان و عافیت خواهند  
 چہ افتاد، این سر مارا، کہ مے خواہد مصیبت را  
 مرا ہر جا کہ مے بینیم، مرغ جانان نظر آید  
 در ششد در خورو، در ماہ بنماید ملاحظت را  
 حریف غریب و مجرم، ازاں روز یکہ دارستم  
 کہ جادو خاطرش باشد دل مجروح غریب را  
 من آں شاخ خودی و خود روی، ازینخ برگندم  
 کہ مے آرد ز ناپاکی، بر نفرین و لعنت را  
 اگر از روضہ جان و دل من، پرودہ بردانند  
 بر بینی اندراں، آں دلبر پاکیزہ طلعت را  
 فروغ نور عشق اوز بام و قصر مارو شن  
 مگر بیند کسے آں را، کہ میدارد بصیرت را

I do not need one iota of this world's respect—  
Do not place a chair for us as we are appointed for the purpose of service.

All the people and the world desire respect for themselves—  
On the contrary, I wish for disgrace on the path of my Friend. (15)

During these times, everyone wishes for peace and security—  
What has befallen this head of mine that it wishes for trouble!

To me, wherever I look, I see the face of the Beloved—  
It shines in the sun—it displays elegance in the moon.

I am covetous of poverty and meekness since the day that I learned  
That there is regard at His place for a wounded and humble heart.

I have uprooted from the base that branch of egoism and conceit,  
Which produces the fruit of hatred and imprecation by its impurity.

If the veil is lifted from the garden of my heart and soul,  
You will see therein that Beloved with pure countenance. (20)

Our home and villa are illumined from the radiance of His light—  
However, only he can see who possesses insight.

نگاہِ رحمتِ جاناں، عنایتِ ہا بھمن کر دست  
 و گرنہ چوں منے، کئے یا بد آں مُرشد و سعادت را  
 نظر با زانِ علیمِ ظاہر، اندرِ علیمِ خود نازند  
 زِ دستِ خود فکندہ، معنی و مغز و حقیقت را  
 ہمہ فہم و نظر، در پردہ ہائے کبر لوپوشیدند  
 چُناں خواہند ایں خمرے، کہ پا کاں جامِ قربت را  
 خدا خود قصہٴ شیطانِ بیاں کر دست تادانند  
 کہ ایں نخوت کُندِ ابلیس، ہر اہلِ عبادت را  
 بلقاظی بسر کردند، عمرِ خود، بلا حاصل  
 دے از بہر معنی ہا، نئے یا بند فرصت را  
 گزاف و لافِ شاں و در ظاہرِ شریعت ہم باطل  
 کہ غافل از حقائق، کئے نکو داند شریعت را  
 مسیحِ ناصری را، تا قیامتِ زندہ مے فہمند  
 مگر مدفونِ یثرب را، ندادند ایں فضیلت را  
 زِ بُوئے نافہِ عرفاں، چو محروم ازل بودند  
 پسندیدند در شانِ شہِ خلق، ایں ندّت را



The merciful glance of the Beloved has showered blessings upon me—  
Otherwise, how could someone like me obtain that rectitude and good  
fortune?

The acquirers of superficial knowledge take pride in their knowledge—  
With their own hands, they have cast away spirituality, essence and truth.

They have hidden their intellect and reflection behind veils of pride—  
They desire this wine as the pure ones desire the cup of nearness.

God Himself has described the account of Satan so that they know  
That this haughtiness turns every worshipper into Iblīs<sup>21</sup>. (25)

They have spent their life in wordiness without any gain—  
However, for the sake of their meaning, they have no spare time.

Their bragging and boasting is also false with respect to the evident law—  
As he who is unaware of the truth, how can he understand the religious law?

They regard the Nazarene Messiah alive until the Day of Judgment—  
However, they do not give this eminence to the one buried in Medina<sup>22</sup>.

Because they were eternally deprived of the fragrance of gnosis' musk,  
They chose this disgrace in the honour of the king of creation.

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<sup>21</sup> The one who refused to prostrate to Adam when ordered by God.

<sup>22</sup> Alluding to the Holy Prophet Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

ہمہ دُہائے قرآن را، چو خاشاکے بیفکندند  
 زِ عِلْمِ ناتمامِ شاں، چہا گم گشتِ ملت را  
 ہمہ عیسائیاں را، از مقالِ خود مدد دادند  
 دلیری با پدید آمد، پرستارِ این مِیّت را  
 دریں ہنگامِ پُر آتش، بخوابِ خوش چساں خسیم  
 زماں فریاد میدارد، کہ بشتابید نصرت را  
 شبِ تاریک و بیم دزدو، قومِ ما چہیں غافل  
 کجا زیں غمِ روم، یارب نما خود دستِ قدرت را  
 بجاک انگیزی شاں، برضیائے خود نمے ترسم  
 نہاں کئے ماند آں نورے، کہ حق بخشید فطرت را  
 کجا غوغائے شاں، بر غاطرِ من وحشتے آرد  
 کہ صادق بُزدلے بتو، و گر بیند قیامت را

39

مُصطفیٰ را چوں فرو تر شد مقام  
 از مسیحِ ناصری، آسے طفلِ خام  
 آنکہ دستِ پاکِ او، دستِ خداست  
 مچوں تو اں گفتن، کہ از رُوحِ خداست

They threw away all the pearls of the Qur'an like rubbish—  
Because of their incomplete knowledge, how the people have gone astray!

They helped all the Christians with their own discourses—  
Visible courage came even to the worshippers of the dead<sup>23</sup>.

How can I sleep comfortably during this fiery period—  
The time is demanding to make haste for help.

The night is dark—there is fear of thieves—and my people are so heedless—  
Where do I go with this grief, O God? Show Thyself the hand of power.

I do not fear that they are throwing dust at my light—  
How can that light remain hidden that God has granted to my nature?

Their clamour does not bring any terror to me—  
Because a truthful one is not a coward even though he sees a great calamity.

### **(39) THE STATION OF MUSTAFA<sup>SA</sup>**

*Ā'īna Kamālāt Islam*, 1893, p. 112, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.5

How did the station of Mustafa became inferior  
Compared to that of the Nazarene Messiah, O immature child?

He whose pure hand is the hand of God—  
How can it be said that he is separate from the Holy Spirit?

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<sup>23</sup> Alluding to the Christians who worship Jesus Christ who is in fact dead.

آنکہ ہر کردار و قولش دین ماست  
یکدم از جبریلِ بَعدش چوں رواست؟  
بر اہامِ انبیاءِ ایں اِستدا  
چوں نے ترسید از قہرِ خدا؟

40

چوں مرا نورے، پئے قومِ مسیحی دادہ اند  
مصلحت را این مریم، نامِ من بہادہ اند  
مے دُرِ شتم چوں قمر، تا ہم چو قرصِ آفتاب  
کو چشمِ آناں کہ، در انکار ہا افتادہ اند  
بِشَنوید اے طالبان، کز غیب بکنند ایں ندا  
مصلحے باید، کہ در ہر جامِ مفاسد زادہ اند  
صادق و ز طرفِ مولیٰ، بانِ شاں ہا آدم  
صد درِ علم و ہدیٰ، بر روعے من بکشاہ اند  
آسماں بارِ دِشاں، اَلوقت مے گوید زیں  
ایں دوشاہد، از پئے تصدیقِ من استادہ اند

He whose every deed and saying is our faith,  
How can his remoteness from Gabriel be tolerated for a moment?

Such calumny upon the leader of the prophets!  
Why are you not afraid from the wrath of God?

### **(40) DESCENT OF THE MESSIAH**

*Ā'īna Kamālāt Islam*, 1893, p. 358, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.5

Because I have been granted light for the Christian people,  
For this prudent measure, my name has been given as Son of Mary.

I glisten like the moon and shine like the orb of the sun—  
They are blind of eye that have fallen into denials.

Listen, O seekers that this voice comes from the unseen:  
“A reformer is needed because evil has spread everywhere”.

I am true and I have come from God with signs—  
A hundred doors of knowledge and guidance have been opened upon me.

The heavens rain down signs—the earth says: “It is time”—  
These two witnesses are standing for my truthfulness! (5)

41

دوستاں خود را، نثارِ حضرتِ جاناں کُنید  
در رہِ آں یارِ جانی، جان و دل قُرباں کُنید  
آں دِلِ خوش باش را، کاندہاں جوئے خوشی  
از پیئے دینِ محمدؐ، کلبۂ اَحزاں کُنید  
از تعیشِ ہا بڑوں آئیڈ، اُسے مردانِ حق  
خوشیتن را، از پیئے اسلام، سرگرداں کُنید

42

عَجَبِ نورِ لیت، در جانِ محمدؐ  
عَجَبِ لعلِ ست، در کانِ محمدؐ  
زِ ظلمتِ ہا، دِلے آنگہ شود صاف کہ گردد از مُجبانِ محمدؐ  
عَجَبِ دارم دِلِ آں ناکساں را کہ رُو تابند از خوانِ محمدؐ  
ندانم ہیچ نفقے در دو عالم کہ دارد شوکتِ شانِ محمدؐ

### (41) ADVICE

*Ā'ina Kamālāt Islam*, 1893, p. 636, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.5

Friends! You should sacrifice yourselves for the sake of the honourable  
Beloved—

Sacrifice your heart and soul on the path of that dearest Friend.

For that easy-going person who looks for pleasures in this world,  
Make it an abode of grief for the sake of Muhammad's faith.

Pray come out of pleasant life, O men of God—  
For the sake of Islam, pray turn yourselves into wanderers.

### (42) MUHAMMAD<sup>SA</sup> IS THE PROOF OF MUHAMMAD<sup>SA</sup>

*Ā'ina Kamālāt Islam*, 1893, p. 649, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.5

There is a wonderful light in the life of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>—  
There is a wonderful ruby in the mine of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>—

The heart is purified of obscurities at that time  
When it becomes part of Muhammad's friends.

I wonder at the heart of those unworthy persons  
Who turn away their faces from the dinner-table of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

I do not know a single person in the two worlds  
Who has the splendour and majesty of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

خُدا ز اَل سینه بیزارست صد بار      کہ هست از کینہ دارانِ مُحَمَّد  
 خُدا خود سوزد، اَل کرمِ دَنی را      کہ باشد از عُدوانِ مُحَمَّد  
 اگر خواهی نجات از مستیِ نَفَس      پیادِ ذیلِ مِتانِ مُحَمَّد  
 اگر خواهی کہ حق گوید ثنائیت      بشو از دِلِ ثناخوانِ مُحَمَّد  
 اگر خواهی دلیله، عاشقش باش      محمد هست بُرہانِ مُحَمَّد  
 سرے دارم فدائے خاکِ احمَد      دِلَم ہر وقت قُربانِ مُحَمَّد  
 بگیسوئے رُسول اللہ کہ ہستم      نثارِ رُوئے تابانِ مُحَمَّد  
 دریں رَہ گر کشندم، و رہبوزند      نقابم رُو، ز اَیوانِ مُحَمَّد  
 بکارِ دیں، نترسم از جہانے      کہ دارم رنگِ ایمانِ مُحَمَّد  
 بے سہل ست، از دُنیا بُریدن      بیادِ حُسن و احسانِ مُحَمَّد  
 فدا شد، در ریش ہر ذرّہٴ من      کہ دیدم حُسنِ پنهانِ مُحَمَّد  
 و گر استادِ انا مے ندانم      کہ خواندم در دِبتانِ مُحَمَّد



God is repeatedly disgusted with that breast  
That harbours malice against Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>. (5)

God Himself scorches that contemptible insect  
Who happens to be among the enemies of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

If you wish riddance from the lust of the self,  
Become one of those enchanted by Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

If you wish that God utters your praise,  
Become an admirer of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup> from the heart.

If you wish to have proof, become his lover—  
Muhammad<sup>sa</sup> is the proof of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

My head is sacrificed for the dust of Ahmad<sup>sa</sup>—  
My heart is ever ready to be sacrificed for Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>. (10)

I swear by the locks of the Messenger of God, that I am  
Devoted to the shining countenance of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

If I am killed on this path or burnt,  
I will not turn my face away from the threshold of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

I am not afraid of the world in the matter of religious work—  
Because I possess the hue of Muhammad's faith.

It is very easy to cut off relations with the world  
By remembering the elegance and benevolence of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

My every fibre is sacrificed on his path—  
Because I have seen that hidden elegance of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>. (15)

I do not know the name of any other teacher  
Because I was tutored at the school of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

بدگیر دلبرے، کاسے ندارم کہ ہستم کشتہ آن محمد  
 مرا، اں گوشہ چشمے بیاید نخواہم جز گلستان محمد  
 دل زارم بہ پہلویم مجوید کہ بستیمش بدامان محمد  
 من آں خوش مرغ از مرغان قدیم کہ دار دجا، بہ بُستان محمد  
 تو جان ما مَنور کردی از عشق فدایت جانم، اے جان محمد  
 دریغا، گر دہم صد جاں دیرں را نباشد نیز شایان محمد  
 چہ ہیبت ہا بدادند ایں جواں را کہ ناید کس، بمیدان محمد  
 اَلَا اے دشمن نادان و بے راہ بترس از تیغ بُران محمد  
 رہ موی کہ گم کردند مردم بچو در آل و اُخوان محمد  
 اَلَا اے مُشکر از شان محمد ہم از نور نمایان محمد  
 کرامت گر چہ بے نام و نشان است  
 بیابنِ گز غلمان محمد

I have nothing to do with another beloved,  
Because I have been slain by the charm of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

I want to have the corner of that eye—  
I do not wish for anything other than the orchard of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

Do not look for my wounded heart in my side—  
Because I have tied it to the garment of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

I am that fortunate bird from among the holy birds  
That has a place in the garden of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>. (20)

Thou hast illuminated our life with love—  
I sacrifice my life for thee, O dearest Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

Alas! Even if I lay down a hundred lives on this path  
It will still not be according to the majesty of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

How much awe has been granted to this youth<sup>24</sup>  
That no one comes out in the arena of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

Beware! O ignorant and strayed opponent—  
“Be afraid of the sharp sword of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>”.<sup>25</sup>

The path of God that the men have forgotten,  
Find thou in the progeny and helpers of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>. (25)

Beware! O he who is a denier of the majesty of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>—  
And also of the manifest light of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>—

Although miracles are now without name or sign,  
You come and see them among the servants of Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

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<sup>24</sup> Alluding to the Holy Prophet<sup>sa</sup>.

<sup>25</sup> This line is a revealed verse.

قُرْبَانِ تُسْت، جانِ من، اے یارِ محسنم      با من کدام فرق تو کردی، کہ من کنم  
 ہر مطلبِ مراد، کہ مے خواہم زِ غیب      ہر آرزو کہ بود، بخاطرِ مُعْتَنَم  
 از جُودِ دادہ، ہمہ آں مدّ عاے من      وز لطفِ کردہ، گذرِ خودِ مُسْتَلَم  
 بیچِ آگہی نہ بود، زِ عشقِ و وفا مرا      خودِ ریختی، متاعِ محبتِ بدامنم  
 ایں خاکِ تیرہ را، تو خودِ اکسیرِ کردہ      بود آں جمالِ تو، کہ نمود است اَحْسَنَم  
 ایں صَقیلِ دِلَم، نہ بزد و تعَبُد است      خودِ کردہ، بِلطفِ و عنایاتِ رُشَم  
 صد مَنّتِ تو ہست بریں مُشْتِ خاکِ من      جانم رہیں لطفِ عَمیمِ تو، ہم تنم  
 سہل است ترکِ ہر دو جہاں، گر رضا تو      آئید بدست، اے پند و کہفِ و ما نَم  
 فصلِ بہار و موسِمِ گل، نایدم بکار      کاندِ خیالِ رُوئے تو، ہر دمِ بگلشَم  
 چوں حاجتِ بود، بہ ادیبِ دگر مرا      مَن تربیتِ پذیر، زِ ربِّ مہمِنَم  
 ز اں سَاں، عنایتِ اَزلی شدِ قَرینِ      کاندِ ندائے یارِ زہرِ کُوسے و برزَم

### (43) GRATITUDE AND PRAISE OF GOD

*Ā'īna Kamālāt Islam*, 1893, p. 658, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.5

O my Soul—my benevolent Friend, my life is sacrificed upon Thee—  
When have Thou been inequitable to me that I be so now?

Every need and wish that I desired from the unseen—  
Every intention that existed in my mind—

Thou fulfilled all my longings through Thy benevolence—  
And Thou did favour by coming to my home Thyself.

I had no knowledge of love and loyalty—  
Thou bestowed this wealth of love to me Thyself.

Thou turned this obscure dust into an elixir Thyself—  
It was that beauty of Thine that appeared most excellent to me. (5)

This brightness of my heart is not through piety and worship—  
Thou hast illumined it Thyself through grace and munificence.

There are a hundred favours upon this handful of dust of mine—  
My life is pledged to Thy universal kindness—and so is my body.

It is easy to give up both the worlds if Thy pleasure  
Is at hand, O my Refuge and Sanctuary and my Shelter.

The season of spring and the time of flowers are useless for me—  
Because I remain permanently in the garden by thinking of Thy countenance.

Why should I have the need for some other instructor?  
I have obtained my upbringing from the Protector Lord. (10)

His eternal favours came so close to me  
That the voice of the Dear came from every lane and street.

یارِ ب مرا بہر تقدّم، اُسٹوار دار و آں روزِ خود مباد، کہ عہدِ تو بشکّتم  
در کوئے تو اگر سرِ عشاق رازِ زندہ اول کسے کہ، لافِ تَعشّقِ زندہ منم

44

اے اَسیرِ عقلِ خود، برہستیِ خود کم نیاز  
کیں سپہِ ربّ العجائب چوں تو بسیار آورد  
غیر را ہرگز نہ باشد گذر، در کوئے حق  
بہر کہ آید ز آسماں، اُو رازِ آں یار آورد  
خود بخود فہمیدنِ قرآن، گمانِ باطل است  
بہر کہ از خود آورد، اُو نخس و مُردار آورد

46

رُوئے دلبر، از طلبِ کاراں نے دار و حجاب  
مے درخشند در خورو، مے تابند اندر ماہتاب  
لیکن آں رُوئے حسیں از غافلان ماند نہاں  
عاشقے باید کہ، بردارند از بہرِش نقاب

O Lord, pray keep me firm at every step of mine—  
May there never be a day that I break Thy covenant.

If the heads of the lovers are taken off in Thy lane,  
The first person who will boast of love will be I.

#### **(44) ADVICE**

*Barakat-ud Du 'ā*, 1893, p. 5, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.6

O the prisoner of thy own intellect, do not pride on thy existence—  
Because this sky full of wonders has brought forth many like you.

A stranger never gains access to the lane of God—  
Whoever comes from the sky, he brings the secrets of that Friend.

Understanding the Qur'an by oneself is false supposition—  
Whoever presents its meaning by himself, he brings forth filth and carrion.

#### **(46) THE FACE OF THE BELOVED**

*Barakat-ud Du 'ā*, 1893, p. 33, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.6

The face of the Beloved is not hidden from the seekers—  
It shines in the sun—it glows in the moon.

However, that beautiful face remains concealed from the ignorant—  
It should be a lover for whose sake the veil is lifted.

دامن پاکش زِ نخوت ہا، نمے آئید بدست  
 پیچ رہے نیست، غیر از عجز و درو و اضطراب  
 بس خطرناک است راہِ کوچہ یارِ مستدیم  
 جاں سلامت بایزت، از خود روی ہا سرتاب  
 تا کلامش، فہم و عقل ناسنایاں، کم رسد  
 ہر کہ از خود گم شود، او باید آں راہِ صواب  
 مشکل قرآن نہ از ابناءِ دنیا، حل شود  
 ذوقِ آں مے داند، آں مستے کہ نوشد آں شراب  
 ایکہ آگاہی نہ داندت، زِ انوارِ دُروں  
 در حق ماہر چہ گوئی، نیستی جائے عتاب  
 از سر و عظم نصیحت، ایں سخن ہا گفتہ ایم  
 تا مگر زیں مہمے بہ گرد آں زخمے خراب  
 از دُعا کن، چارہ آزارِ انکارِ دُعا  
 چوں علاج مے ز مے، وقتِ نثارِ التہاب



His holy garment cannot be held through haughtiness—  
There is no path except humility, pain and restlessness.

The path to the lane of the Ancient Friend is very dangerous—  
If you wish for the security of life, give up self importance.

The acumen and intellect of the unworthy barely reaches His Word<sup>26</sup>—  
Whoever gives up the path of egoism, he finds that path of rectitude. (5)

Comprehension of the Qur'an cannot be had by people of the world—  
Only that intoxicated one knows its delight that drinks this wine!

O ye who possess no knowledge of its inner light—  
Whatever you say in our regard, there is no reproach.

We say these things by way of sermon and advice—  
So that through this ointment, that bad wound gets better.

For the malady of denying the prayer, undertake the cure through prayer—  
Just like the cure for drinking is wine at the time of inebriation and burning.

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<sup>26</sup> Alluding to the Holy Qur'an.

ایک گوی، گرو عا ہارا اثر بُودے گجاست  
 سوئے من بشتاب، بنمایم ترا چوں آفتاب  
 ہاں مکن انکار، زیں اسرارِ قدرت ہائے حق  
 قصہ کوتہ کن، بیہیں ازما، دعائے مستجاب

47

بیکے شد دین احمد، یحٰیج خویش و یار نیست  
 ہر گے در کار خود، بادین احمد کار نیست  
 ہر طرف سیلِ ضلالت، صد ہزاراں تن رُبود  
 حیف بر چشمے، کہ کنوں نیز ہم، ہیشیار نیست  
 اے خداوندانِ نعمت! ایں مچیں غفلت چرا؟  
 بخود از خوابید، یا خود بخت دیں بیدار نیست  
 اے مسلماناں، خدا را، یک نظر بر حال دیں  
 آنچہ می بینم بلا ہا، حاجتِ اظہار نیست

O ye who say: “If prayer has effectiveness—then where is it?”  
Then hasten unto me—I shall show you like the sun. (10)

Oh yes, do not deny the secrets of God’s abilities—  
End the discussion—take a look at our accepted prayer.

### **(47) THE FAITH OF AHMAD<sup>SA</sup>**

*Barakat-ud Du‘ā*, 1893, p. 37, *Rūḥānī Khazā’in* vol.6

The faith of Ahmad has become helpless—no one is its supporter—  
Everyone is busy in his own work—not concerned with the faith of Ahmad<sup>sa</sup>.

The flood of error is everywhere— it carried away myriads of persons—  
Fie on the eye that has still not become shrewd.

O wealthy ones! Why is there so much heedlessness?  
Are you senseless because of sleep or the fate of the faith is not awake itself?

O Muslims! For God’s sake cast a glance at the condition of the faith—  
There is no need to describe the calamities that I see.

آتشِ افتاد است در نقشِ بنیزدِ یلاں  
 ویدش از دور کارِ مردمِ دیندار نیست  
 ہر زماں از بہرِ دین، درخوںِ دلِ من سے تپد  
 محرمِ ایں دروہا، مجر عالمِ اسرارِ نیست  
 آنچہ بہرِ مے رود از غم، کہ داند مجرِ حُدا  
 زہرِ مے نوشیم، لیکن زہرِ گفتارِ نیست  
 ہر کے غمخواری اہلِ اقاربِ مے کند  
 اے دریغ! ایں یکے راج کس غمخواریست  
 خونِ دینِ بنیم رواں، پچوں کشتگانِ کربلا  
 اے عجب ایں مروتاں را بہرِ ایں لدا نیست  
 حیرتِ ہمہ، چو بنیم بدلِ شاں در کارِ نفس  
 کایں ہمہ مجو و سخاوت، در رہِ دادا نیست  
 اے کہ داری مقدرت، ہم عزمِ تائیدتِ ہیں  
 لطفِ کُن، مارِ نظر، بر اندک و بسیارِ نیست  
 ہیں کہ چوں در خاکِ مے غلط، زِ جونا کساں  
 آنکہ مثلِ او بزیرِ گنبدِ دوارِ نیست  
 اندرِیں وقتِ مصیبت، چارہٴ مایکساں  
 جز دُعا، بانداد و گریہٴ اسحارِ نیست

Its garments have caught fire— Rise O brave men!  
Observing it from far away is not the task of the pious people. (5)

My blood is always agitated in my heart for the sake of religion—  
No one is a confidant to this grief of ours except the Knower of secrets.

Whatever befalls us through grief—who knows it except God?  
We drink poison but we do not have the capacity to speak.

Everyone sympathises with his kith and kin—  
But alas! There is no sympathiser for this helpless one<sup>27</sup>.

I see the blood of faith flowing like the martyrs of Karbala—  
I am amazed at these people! There is no love for that dear.

I am surprised when I see their generosity in their personal affairs—  
Because all this generosity and munificence is not on the way of God. (10)

O ye who possess ability and also the resolve to support the faith,  
Be generous—we do not care if it is little or more.

See how it wallows in the dust because of injustice by worthless people—  
The faith, which has no peer under the revolving heavens.

At this time of calamity, the recourse for us helpless ones  
Is nothing except the morning prayer and weeping at dawn.

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<sup>27</sup> Alluding to religion.

اے خدا ہرگز ممکن شاد، آں دلِ تاریک را  
 آنکہ اُورافِ کَر دینِ احمد مختار نیست  
 اے برادر پنج روز، ایامِ عشرت ہا بود  
 دایمِ عیش و بہارِ گلشن و گلزار نیست

48

رہبرِ ما، سیدِ ما، مُصطفیٰ است آنکہ ندیدست نظیرش سرِوش  
 آنکہ خدا، مثلِ مَرخِش نافرید آنکہ ریش، مخزنِ عقل و ہوش  
 دشمنِ دین، حملہ بروئے کُند حیف بود، گریزِ شینمِ خموش  
 چوں سُخنِ سفلہ بگوئیم رسید در دلِ من، خامست چو عشرتِ خروش  
 چند توانم کہ شکیبے گنم چند کُند صبر، دلِ زہرِ نوش  
 آں نہ مسلمان، بتر از کافرست کشِ نمود، از پئے آں پاکِ جوش  
 جاں شو، اندر رو پاکش فدا مژدہ ہمین است گر آید بگوش

سَر کہ نہ در پائے عزیزش رَوَد  
 بارِ گران است، کشیدن بدوش

O God, pray never delight that obscure heart  
Which does not care for the faith of Ahmad<sup>sa</sup> the chosen one.

O brother, the days of enjoyment are just five—  
The enjoyment and spring of the garden and orchard are not permanent.

### **(48) OUR GUIDE AND LEADER**

*Majmū‘ Ishtihārāt* vol.1, March 17, 1894, p. 366

Mustafa<sup>sa</sup> is our guide and leader—  
Whose like even the angels have not seen.

He is such that God has not created a face like his—  
He is such that his pathway is a trove of intellect and intelligence.

The enemy of the faith is making attacks on him—  
It would be a pity if I keep sitting silently.

When the voice of the vile one reached my ear,  
Lamentations rose in my heart like doomsday.

For how long can I observe patience?  
For how long can a heart be patient after drinking poison? (5)

He is not a Muslim—rather worse than a disbeliever—  
Who does not possess sense of honour for that pure one.

May my life be sacrificed on his pure path—  
This is the glad tiding if it happens to come about.

The head that is not placed at his blessed feet—  
Is a heavy burden carried upon the shoulders.

53

تو یک قطرہ داری، ز عقل و خرد مگر قدرتش، بحر بے حد و عد  
اگر بشنوی قصہ صافِ تاس مجنباں سرِ خود، چو مستہزایاں  
تو خود را خرد مند فہمیدہ مقاماتِ مرداں کجا دیدہ

56

سخنِ نزدِ مراں، از شہریاے کہ ہستم بردِ رے اُمید واکے  
خداوندیکہ، جاں بخشِ جہان است بدیع و خالق و پروردگارے  
کریم و تادِ و مشکلِ کشائے رحیم و محسن و حاجتِ برائے  
قِیامِ بردِ رش، زیرا کہ گویند بر آید در جہاں کارے ز کارے  
چو آں یارِ وفادار آیدم یاد فراموشم شود، ہر خویش و یارے  
بغیر او، چساں بندم، دلِ خویش کہ بے رویش نے آید قراے  
دلِ درِ سینہٴ رشیم مجوید کہ بستیمش بد امانِ زگارے



**(53) ADVICE**

*Sat Bachchan*, p. 165, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.10

You possess only a single drop of intellect and intelligence—  
But His power is an ocean without limits and counts.

If you listen to the accounts of the truthful ones,  
You would not shake your head like those who ridicule.

You consider yourself an intelligent one—  
You are not even aware of the stations of men of God!

**(56) DO NOT MENTION TO ME ABOUT ANY KING**

*Hujatullah*, 1897, p. 149, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.12

Do not mention to me about any king—  
Because I am lying on the door as a hopeful one.

That God Who grants life to the world—  
Who is Wonderful, Creator and Nourisher—

Who is Generous, Mighty and Remover-of-difficulties—  
Who is Merciful, Benefactor and Fulfiller-of-needs—

I am lying at His door because they say:  
One thing leads to another in the world.

When I remember that faithful Friend,  
I forget every relative and friend.

(5)

To whom should I bind my heart besides Him?  
As besides His countenance, I do not find any peace.

Do not look for my heart in my wounded breast—  
As we have tied it to the garment of the Beloved.

دلِ من دِلبرے را، تخت گاہے      سرِ من در رہِ یارے نشائے  
 چگویم فضلِ او بر من چگونِ ست      کہ فضلِ او ست ناپیدا کناے  
 عنایتہائے او را، چوں شمارم      کہ لطفِ او ست بیروں از شمارے  
 مرا کارِ ست، با آں دِلستانے      ندارد کس خبر، ز اں کار و باے  
 بنالم بر دُرش، ز اں ساں کہ نالد      بوقتِ وضعِ حملے، بار داسے  
 مرا با عشقِ او، وقتے ست معمور      پہ خوشِ وقتے، پہ خرم روز گاہے  
 ثنا ہا گویمت، اے گلشنِ یار!      کہ فارغِ کردی، از باغ و بہائے

ہر آں کاریکہ، گرد و از دُعائے موحیانے      نہ شمشیرے گند آں کار نے باے نہ بارانے  
 عجبِ اردا شتر دستے کہ دستِ عاشقے باشد      بگرداند جہانے را، ز بہر کارِ گریانے  
 اگر جنبِ لبِ مردے ز بہر آنکہ سر گرداں      خدا از آسماں پیدا کند، ہر نوعِ سامانے  
 ز کارِ افتادہ را، بہر کارے آرد خدا زیں رہ      ہمیں باشد دلیلِ آنکہ، ہمت از خلقِ پنیانے

My heart is the throne for the Beloved—  
My head is sacrificed on the path of the Dearest—

How do I express as to how much is His grace upon me  
As His benevolence has no boundaries?

How can I count His bounties  
As His kindness is beyond any measure? (10)

I have such a connection with that Cherished one  
That no one has any awareness of that affair.

I cry on his door so much—as cries  
A pregnant woman while making her delivery.

My time is filled with love for Him—  
What auspicious time—what delightful period!

I sing thy praise, O the rose-garden of the Friend—  
As thou hast made me independent of garden and spring.

### **(58) MAN OF GOD**

*Al-Hakam* newspaper, 6-13 August 1898

Every task that is performed through the prayers of one lost in the Beloved,  
That task cannot be done by the sword—nor by the wind—nor rain.

That hand has an unusual effectiveness, if it is the hand of a lover—  
He turns an entire world around to fix the affairs of a lamenter.

If the lips of the man-of-God move who is immersed in Him,  
God creates all sorts of means from the heavens.

In this manner, God lets a worthless person to be useful—  
This is the proof of Him Who is hidden from the creatures.

مگر یاد کہ باشد طالب اوصاف و صادق نہ بیند روزِ نو میدی وفادار از دل جانے

59

بترسید از خدائے بے نیاز و سخت تہنک نہ پندارم کہ بد بیند خداترے نکو کاے  
مرا باور نہ آید کہ رسوا گرد آں مرفے کہ مے ترسند از اں یاے کہ غفار ست ستاے  
گر آں چیزے کہ مے بینم، عزیزاں نیز دیدندے  
ز دنیا تو بہ کردندے، بحشیم زار و خوشبارے

خو تراباں یہ گشت است، لذت بکاری مردم زین طاعون ہی آرد پئے تخوف اندازے  
بہ تشویش قیامت باز، ایں تشویش گریبنی علاج نیست بہر دفع آں مجرّمین کردارے  
نشاید تا فتن سر زان جناب عزت و غیرت کہ گر خواہد کشد در یکدے چوں کرم بیکارے  
من از ہمدی گفتیم، تو خود ہم فکر کن باے خرد از بہر ایں و راست اے دانا و ہشیارے

60

اے متدیر و خالق ارض و سما اے رحیم و مہربان و مہنا

However, it is necessary that His seeker is patient and truthful—  
He who is loyal with his heart and soul does not see the day of hopelessness.

### **(59) ADVICE**

*Ayyām-uṣ-Ṣulḥ* (1899), p. 363, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.14

Be afraid of God Who is Independent and extremely wrathful—  
I do not suppose that a God-fearing, righteous person encounters evil.

I do not believe that such a person is disgraced  
Who fears that Friend Who is Forgiver and Coverer-of-faults.

If the thing that I see, my dear ones could see as well,  
They would have repented from the world with weeping and bloodied eyes.

From the evil deeds of men, the sun has become obscured—  
The earth has also brought the plague for the purpose of fear and warning.

If you consider it, this trouble is like the trouble of doomsday—  
There is no remedy for its removal except the doing of righteous acts.

One should not rebel against the Possessor of esteem and honour—  
Because if He wishes, He can kill you in an instant like a worthless insect.

I say this to you in sympathy—you ponder over it yourself—  
Intelligence is meant for such a day, O wise and shrewd one.

### **(60) A PLEA TO THE CREATOR**

*Ḥaḡiqatul Mahdī*, 1899, p. 434-435, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.14

O the Mighty and Creator of heavens and earth—  
O the Merciful and the Gracious and the Guide—

اے کہ میداری تو بردہا نظر اے کہ از تو نیست چیزے مُنتَر  
 گر تو مے بینی مرا پُر فسق و شر گر تو دیداشتی کہ ہستم بدگھر  
 پارہ پارہ کُن، مَن بدکار را شاد کُن، ایں زمرہ اغیار را  
 بر دل شاں ابرِ رحمت ہا بہار ہر مراد شاں بفضلِ خود برآر  
 آتش افشاں، برد و دیوار مَن دشمنم باش و تَبہ کُن کارِ مَن  
 و مرا از بند گانت یافتی

قبِلِ مَن، آستان یافتی  
 در دلِ مَن آں محبت دیدہ کز جہاں آں راز را پوشیدہ  
 با مَن از روئے محبت کار کُن

اُنکے افشائے آں اَسرار کُن  
 اے کہ آئی سُوئے ہر جویندہ واقفی از سوزِ ہر سوزندہ  
 زان تعلق ہا کہ باتو داشتَم زان محبت ہا کہ در دل کاشتم  
 خود بروں آ، از پئے اِبراء مَن

اے تو کہف و لمجا و ماوائے مَن  
 آتشے، کاندِرِ دِلَمِ فروختی  
 وز دمِ آں، غیرِ خود را سوختی

O Ye Who keepest an eye over the hearts—  
O Ye from Whom there is nothing that is hidden—

If Thou seest me full of sin and evil—  
If Thou seest that I am bad by nature—

Then you shatter into pieces my evil self—  
Make happy this group of rivals—

Shower the cloud of mercy upon their hearts—  
Fulfil every desire of theirs with Thy grace— (5)

Spew fire upon my home and dwelling—  
Be my enemy and destroy my undertakings—

However, if Thou findest me as one of Thy servants—  
Thou findest that my desire is Thy threshold—

Thou seest such love in my heart,  
The secret of which Thou has concealed from the world—

Then deal with me in the spirit of love—  
And reveal a little something of the secrets.

O Ye Who comest to the side of every seeker—  
He Who is aware of the grief of every grief-stricken— (10)

For the sake of that relationship that I have with Thee—  
For the sake of that love that I have planted in my heart—

Come out Thyself for the sake of my exoneration—  
O Ye Who art my sanctuary, security and refuge.

That fire that Thou hast lit in my heart—  
And through its flames Thou hast scorched Thy strangers—

ہم ازاں آتش، مریخ من برفروز ویں شبِ تارم، مُبَدِّل کُن بروز  
 چشم بکشا، ایں جہانِ کور را  
 اے شدیدِ البطش، ہما زور را  
 ز آسماں نورِ نشانِ خود نما یک گلے از بوستانِ خود نما  
 ایں جہاں بینیم، پُر از فسق و فساد غافلان را نیست، وقتِ موت یاد  
 از حقائقِ غافل و بیگانہ اند، ہچو طفلان، مائلِ افسانہ اند  
 سر دشنہ دہا ز مہرِ روئے دوست روئے دہا، تافنہ از کوئے دوست  
 سیل در جوش است و شب تار یک وقار  
 از کرہا، آفتابے را بر آر

65

آسماں باز دِ نشانِ انوقتِ میگوید ز میں باز بغض و کینہ و انکارِ ایناں را رہیں  
 اے ملامت گر، خدا را، ہر ماں کُن یک نظر چون خدا خاموش مانے، چُنیں وقتِ خطر  
 خستگانِ دیں، مرا از آسماں طلبید اند آدم و قتیکہ دہا، خونِ زغم گردیدہ اند  
 دعویٰ مار افروغ، از صد نشانہا دادہ اند مہر و مہم، از پے تصدیقِ ما استاد اند



Illuminate my countenance with the same fire as well—  
Turn this dark night of mine into a day—

Open the eyes of this blind world—  
O severe Apprehender, show Thy force— (15)

Show the light of Thy sign from the heavens—  
Show a single flower from Thy garden—

I see this world full of vice and corruption—  
The heedless ones do not remember the time of death—

With respect to the truths, they are ignorant and strangers—  
Like the children, they lean towards the fables—

The hearts have become cold to the love of the Friend's countenance—  
The faces of their hearts have turned away from the Friend's lane—

The flood is raging and the night is dark and obscure—  
With Thy munificence, pray bring out the sun! (20)

### **(65) SIGNS FOR MY ADVENT**

*Tuhfa Golarwiyya*, 1902, p. 155-156, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.17

The heavens are raining signs—the earth says: “It is time”—  
Even then, take a look at their spite and malice and denying.

O accuser! Cast a look at the world for God's sake—  
How could God remain silent at such a time of danger?

Those afflicted in faith have summoned me from the heavens—  
I came at a time when their hearts had become bloodied with grief.

Our claim is supported by hundreds of signs—  
The sun and the moon also stood up for the sake of our truth.

68

نِشاں، اگرچہ نہ در اختیار کس بُودست  
مگر، نِشاں بدہم، از نِشاں زردا دارم  
کہ آں سعید ز طاعنوں، نجات خواہد یافت  
کہ جُست و جُست پناہ ہے بچار دیوارم  
مراقبم بحث داوندِ خویش و عظمتِ او  
کہ ہست ایں ہمہ، از وُحی پاک گفتارم  
چہ حاجت است بہ بحثِ دگر ہمیں کافیت  
برائے آنکہ، سیہ شد دِش، ز انکارم  
اگر دروغ بر آید، ہر آنچہ وعدہ من  
رواست، گر ہمہ خستند، بہر یکارم

69

بہر دم، از دلِ جہاں وصفِ یارِ خود بگویم  
من آں نیم کہ تغافل ز کارِ خود بگویم  
بہر زماں، بہ دلم ایں ہوس ہے جوشد  
کہ ہرچہ ہست نثارِ نگارِ خود بگویم

## **(68) MY SIGNS**

*Kashti-e Nūh*, 1902, p. 85, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.19

Although the signs are not under the control of any person,  
However, I show a sign from the signs of my God—

That such a fortunate person will find riddance from the plague,  
Who jumps and finds security within my courtyard.

I swear by my own God and by His greatness  
That all these things I say are from the pure revelation.

What is the need for any discussion—this is sufficient,  
For him whose heart has turned black through my denial—

If any of my promises comes out to be false,  
It is justified if everyone rises against my person. (5)

## **(69) MY RELATIONSHIP WITH MY GOD**

*Al-Hakam* newspaper, 31 January 1904

Every moment, I carry out the praise of my Friend with heart and soul—  
I am not such who would be neglectful of my own task.

At all times this desire surges through my heart  
That whatever there is, I sacrifice for the sake of my own Beloved.

اگرچہ در رہِ جاناں چو خاک گردیدم      و لم تپد، کہ فدائش غبارِ خود بکنم  
 روم بہ گلشنِ دلدادگاں، کز اں باغم      چرا بہ کویچہ غیر سے قرارِ خود بکنم  
 رسید مژدہ، کہ ایامِ نو بہار آمد      زمانہ را خبر از برگِ بارِ خود بکنم  
 تعلقاتِ دلا رامِ خویش بنمایم      ہمائے اوجِ سعادتِ شکارِ خود بکنم  
 بگوشِ ہوشِ شتوا ز من، اے مکفر من      کہ من گواہ بدیں، کردگارِ خود بکنم  
 ز فکرِ تفرقہ باز آ، با سستی پرداز      و گرنہ گریہ بر غمگسارِ خود بکنم  
 عمارتِ ہمہ زناں خراب خواہم ساخت      اگر ز چشمِ رواں آبشارِ خود بکنم  
 مقیم بر سرِ رہے نشستہ ام ہر دم      کہ تا گذارشِ عرضے، بیارِ خود بکنم  
 بروئے یار کہ از بہرِ قوم، مے سوزم      مگر دیش چو دل ریش و زارِ خود بکنم

اے محبت، عجب آثار نمایاں کردی  
 زخم و مرہم، برہ یار تو کیساں کردی

Although I have become like dust on the path of the Beloved,  
But my heart is restive to blow away my own dust for Him.

I go to the garden of lovers; aside from that garden,  
Why would I make my own dwelling in the lane of strangers?

I received glad tidings that the days of spring have come again—  
I inform the world with my own leaves and flowers.— (5)

I put on display the relationship with my Beloved—  
I prey myself upon the *Huma*<sup>28</sup> of the height of blessings.

O my denier! Listen to me with sensible ear—  
That I myself make God a witness upon it.

Refrain from the thought of discord—turn to reconciliation—  
Otherwise, I shall lament in front of my own Sympathiser.

I shall lay to waste the edifice of all the contemptible ones—  
If I let loose a waterfall from my own eyes!

I am sitting at the pathway at all times,  
So that I petition the plea to my own Friend. (10)

By the Friend's countenance! I am burning for the sake of my people—  
So that I make their heart like my own wounded and afflicted heart.

## (70) IN PRAISE OF LOVE

*Al-Badr* newspaper, April 16, 1904

O love, you have revealed strange consequences—  
On the Friend's path, you have made injury and ointment just alike.

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<sup>28</sup> *Huma* is a mythical bird about which it is said that if its shadow falls on someone, he becomes a king.

ہمہ مجموعِ دو عالم، تو پریشاں کر دی      ہمہ محشاق، تو گزشتہ و حیراں کر دی  
 ذرہ را تو بیک جلوہ کئی چوں خورشید      اے بسا خاک، کہ تو چوں متاباں کر دی  
 وہ چہ اعجاز نمودی کہ بیک جلوہ فیض      در رفتنِ بزدی، آمدنِ آساں کر دی  
 ہوشمندانِ جہاں را، تو کئی دیوانہ      اے بسا خانہ فطنت، کہ تو ویراں کر دی  
 جانِ خود کس ندید بہر کس از صدق و وفا      راست این است کہ ایں حلقِ ازل کر دی  
 بر تو ختم است ہمہ شوخی و عیاری و ناز      ہیچ عیار نباشد، کہ نہ نالاں کر دی  
 ہر کہ در مجرت افتاد، تو بریاں کر دی      ہر کہ آمد بر تو شاد، تو گریاں کر دی  
 تانہ دیوانہ شد، ہوش نیامد بسرم      اے جنوں گرد تو گردم کہ چہ احسا کر دی  
 اے تپ عشق، باز دہ کہ بدیں خونخواری      کافر اُستی، مگر مرمِ مردِ مُسلمان کر دی  
 ہمہ جاشور تو بنیم، چہ حقیقت، چہ مجاز      سینہ مشرکِ مُسلم، ہمہ بریاں کر دی

آں سیحا، کہ بر افلاک مقامش گویند

لطف کر دی، کہ ازیں خاک مرا آں کر دی

You have bewildered the entire assemblage of the two worlds—  
You have dishevelled and astonished all the lovers.

You turn a speck into the sun with a single splendour—  
Many a times you turn the dust into glittering moon.

Wonderful! What miracle you showed that by a single splendour of grace  
You closed the door of departure—you made easy the arrival.

You turn the wise of the world into crazed ones—  
There are many a dwellings of the shrewd that you lay to waste. (5)

No one lays down one's life for another with truth and fidelity—  
The truth is that you have made this commodity very inexpensive.

All petulance, mischief and pertness end upon you—  
There is not a single shrewd one whom you did not cause to weep.

You roasted everyone who fell into your chafing-dish—  
Whoever came to you delighted, you made him cry.

Until such time that I became crazed, I did not gain my senses—  
O obsession! I salute you, what a favour you have rendered!

O the fever of love, by God, despite this bloodiness,  
While you are an infidel, you made me into a believer. (10)

I hear your clamour everywhere—be it reality or illusion—  
You have scorched the breasts of Muslims and pagans alike.

That Messiah whose station they say is in the heavens—  
It is your graciousness that you made me that from this dust.

اے سروجان و دل و ہر ذرہ اُمّ قرآنؐ      بر دلم، بکشتارِ رحمت، ہر درِ عرفانِ تو  
 فلسفی، کہ عقلِ محوید تیرا، دیوانہ ہست      دُور تر ہست از خرد ہا، اے رہِ نہانِ تو  
 از حریمِ تو، ازینانِ محکس، آگاہ نشد      ہر کہ آگاہ شد، شد از احسانِ بے پایانِ تو  
 عاشقانِ رُوحِ خود را، ہر دو عالمِ میدی      ہر دو عالمِ ہیچ، پیشِ دیدہٗ علمانِ تو  
 یک نظر فرما، کہ تا کونہٗ شود جنگِ جدال      خلقِ محتاجِ استِ سُوئے جذبہٗ بُرّانِ تو  
 یک نشانِ ہنما، کہ تا کونہٗ رُشدِ جہاں      تا شود، ہر منکرِ ملتِ محامدِ خوانِ تو  
 گریزِ زیرِ زبرِ گردِ نہ دارم، ہیچ غم      غمِ ہمیں دارم، کہ گم گردِ دُورِ نشانِ تو  
 گفتگو و بحثِ دریںِ در و سرِ بسیار ہست      قصہٗ کوتاہِ کُن، بآیاتِ عظیمِ اُشانِ تو  
 از زلازلِ مُجبّیّہٗ دہ، فطرتِ اُغیار را      تا مگر آئند تر سالا، سُوئے اُنِ یوانِ تو

چشمِ رحمتِ رواں کُن، در لباسِ زلزلہ

تا بجے سوزِ دُغم، ایں بندہٗ گریانِ تو



## (74) ADDRESSING GOD

*Chashma'-e Masihi*, 1906, p. 391-392, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.20

O Thou on Whom my head, my life, my heart and every fibre be sacrificed—  
With Thy mercy, open upon my heart every door of knowledge about Thee—

That philosopher is crazed who searches for Thee with intellect—  
That hidden path of Thine is far removed from intelligence—

No one among them is aware of Thy sanctuary—  
Whoever became aware, he became so through Thy infinite benevolence.

Thou givest away both the worlds to the lovers of Thy countenance—  
Both the worlds are worthless in the eyes of Thy servants.

Pray cast a glance so that fighting and warfare are finished—  
The people are in need of the passion for Thy proofs. (5)

Pray show one sign so that Thy light shines in the world—  
So that every denier among the people becomes the singer of Thy praise.

If the earth gets chaotic and disarrayed, I have no worry—  
The only grief I have is that Thy illuminated path may be lost.

Discourse and discussion about the faith is a big headache—  
End the narrative through Thy most magnificent signs.

Shake up the disposition of the rivals with quakes—  
So that they come unto Thy threshold in fear.

Pray issue forth a spring of mercy in the guise of earthquake—  
For how long would this weeping servant of Thine burn with grief? (10)

76

مرانہ زہد و عبادت انہ خدمت کا ہے است ہمیں مرا است کہ جانم رہین دلدارے است  
چہ لذتے است برویش کہ جاں فدائش باد چہ راحتے است بگویش اگر چہ خوں بارے است  
مسیح وقت مرا کرد، آنکہ دید ایں حال بہ میں دلائل دعویٰ اگر چہ بریکارے است  
دوائے عشق نخواہم کہ آں ہلاکت یامت  
شفائے ما، بہ ہمیں رنج و درد و آزارے است

77

اگر مردی، رہ موی طلب کن چہ نالی، روز و شب، از بہر مُردار  
نمے رنج، گر اکنوں سر بہ پیچند کہ ترک رسم و رہ، کا ہے است شوار  
فلک را ہیں، کہ مہر و مہ سیہ شد زمیں، طاعنوں بر آرد، بہر انداز

## **(76) THE CURE FOR OUR AFFLICTION**

*Tashhīdhul-adhhān* magazine, September 1, 1906

I have neither piety, nor worship, nor service nor anything else—  
All that I have is that my life is pledged for the Beloved.

What deliciousness is there in His countenance that my life be sacrificed for  
Him—

What pleasure is there in His lane although blood rains therein—

He made me the Messiah of the time when He saw this condition of mine—  
You see the arguments of the claim—although you consider them useless.

I do not desire the cure for love because therein is our annihilation—  
Our cure is through this very grief, and pain and affliction!

## **(77) AN ADVICE**

*Tashhīdhul-adhhān* magazine, September 1, 1906

If you are a man, seek the path of God—  
Why do you cry day and night after this dead world?

I am not grieved if they turn away their heads from me now—  
Because the giving up of habits and customs is very difficult.

Look at the heavens, that the sun and the moon became dark—  
The earth has brought forth the plague for the purpose of warning.

78

یک نظر سُوئے فلک گن یک نظر سُوئے میں بار در آئینہ انصاف رُوئے یار میں  
 آسماں چندیں نشان از بر تصدیم نمود ہم زمیں "الوقت" میگوید یغریاد و این  
 صد ہزاراں فقہ ہا، ہر سو، سرے برداشتہ مے وز دمِ حُرف با و سہمناک و سہمگس  
 سید پاکاں محمدؐ، آنکہ محبوبِ خداست  
 خود ہمے دانی چہ گوید در جنابش ہر عین

80

بجز فضلِ خداوندی، چہ در مانے ضلالت را  
 نہ بخشد سودِ اعجازے، تہیدستانِ قسمت را  
 اگر بر آسماں صد ماہتاب و صد خورے تابد  
 نہ بیند روزِ روشن، آنکہ گم کردہ بصارت را  
 تو اے دانا بترس از آنکہ، سُوئے او بخواہی رفت  
 بدینا دل چہ مے بندی چہ دانی وقتِ رحلت را

## **(78) LOOK AT THE SIGNS**

*Tashhīdhul-adhhān* magazine, September 1, 1906

Cast one glance at the heavens—cast one glance at the earth—  
Then look at the countenance of the Friend with the mirror of impartiality.

The heavens have shown many signs for my truthfulness—  
The earth, too, says: “It is time,” with a plaint and a groan.

A hundred thousand calamities have raised their heads everywhere—  
Terrifying and dreadful winds are blowing in every direction.

Leader of the pure—Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>—who is the beloved of God—  
You know yourself as to what every accursed one is saying in his honour.

## **(80) ADVICE**

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 5, p. 76-77, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.21

Without the grace of God, what is the remedy for sinfulness?  
Even a miracle gives no benefit to those who are unfortunate.

If a hundred moons and suns shine in the sky,  
He who has lost his eyesight cannot see a bright day.

O wise one, have fear of Him unto Whom you shall depart—  
Why do you attach your heart with the world—do you know the time of  
departure?

مَشُو، از بہر دُنیا، سرکشِ فِرداں اَحَدِیّت  
 مَحْرُ، از بہر روزے چنڈے، اَکے مسکین تو شَقوَت را  
 اگر خواہی کربانی، در دو عالم جاہ و دولت را  
 خُدا را باش، و از دل، پیشِ خود گیر طاعت را  
 غلامِ درگہش باش، و بعالمِ بادشاہی کُن  
 نباشد ہم از غیرے، پرستارِ این حضرت را  
 تو از دل، سوئے یارِ خود بیا، تا نیز یار آید  
 محبتِ مے کشد با جَذبِ روحانی محبت را  
 خُدا، در نصرتِ آنکس بود، کو ناصرِ دین است  
 ہمیں اُفتاد آئیں از اَزَل، در گاہِ عزّت را  
 اگر باورِ نئے آید، بخواں، ایں واقعاتم را  
 کہ تا بیتی تو در ہر مُشکلم، انواعِ نصرت را  
 ہر آں کو، یابد از در گاہ، از خدمتِ ہمی یابد  
 کہ غفلتِ را سزائے ہست، و اجرِ ہستِ خُدا را  
 من اندر کارِ خود حیرانم، و رازشِ نئے دانم  
 کہ من بے خدمتِ دیدم، چُنیں لُعماء و حشمت را

For the sake of the world, do not rebel against God's commands—  
O unfortunate one, do not purchase disgrace for the sake of a few days.

If you wish to obtain honour and wealth in the two worlds,  
Belong to God and adopt the way of obedience from the heart. (5)

Be a servant at his threshold and rule over the world—  
The worshippers of the Lord have no fear of the rivals.

You come to the Friend with your heart so that the Friend comes also—  
Love pulls in the love with spiritual attraction.

God comes to the help of him who is the helper of the faith—  
This has been the law since eternity in the court of the Lord.

If you do not find it creditable, read these accounts of mine—  
So that you can see all kinds of aid for my difficulties.

Whoever finds something from the Threshold, he finds it through service—  
As there is punishment for heedlessness and reward for service. (10)

I am astonished at my own undertakings and I do not know the secret—  
As I see these bounties and splendours without any service!

نہاں اندر نہاں اندر نہاں اندر نہاں ہستم  
 کجا باشد خبر آزا، گرفتارانِ نخوت را  
 ندائے رحمت از درگاہِ باری، بشتنوم ہر دم  
 اگر کرے کند لعنت چہ وزن آں ہرزہ لعنت را  
 اگر در حلقہٴ اہل حسد، داخل شوی یانے  
 نوشتیم از رہِ شفقت، کہ ماموریم دعوت را

81

اے یارِ ازل بس است روئے تو مرا بہتر ز ہزار حُملہ، کوئے تو مرا  
 از مصلحتِ دیگر طرفِ بنیم، لیک ہر لحظہ نگاہِ ہست سوئے تو مرا  
 بر عزتِ من، اگر کسے حملہ کند صبر است طریقی، چو خوئے تو مرا  
 من چہستم و چہ عزتم ہست مگر جنگ است از بہرِ ابروئے تو مرا

83

کس بہر کسے سرنہد، جاں افشانند عشق است کہ ایں کارِ بصدِ صدق گنند  
 عشق است کہ در آتشِ سوزاں بنشانند عشق است کہ بر خاکِ مذلت غلطانند



I am concealed and hidden and veiled and covered—  
How can they know about me those who are enslaved to haughtiness?

Every moment I hear the proclamation of mercy from the court of the Lord—  
If an insect curses me, how weighty is that absurd cursing?

Whether you desire to enter the circle of the men of God—or do not desire—  
We have written this by way of affection as we are appointed for preaching.

### **(81) AN ADDRESS TO GOD**

*Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, Part 5, p. 153, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.21

O the Eternal Friend—for me Thy countenance is sufficient—  
Thy lane is better than a thousand paradises for me.

I only look at other directions for the sake of affairs, otherwise  
My sight is set upon Thee every moment.

If someone makes an attack on my honour—  
My way is to observe patience, in accordance with Thy attribute.

I am nothing and I have little respect, however,  
This war is for the sake of Thy honour.

### **(83) LOVE**

*Haqiqatul Wahiy* (1907), p. 212, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.22

No one lays down his head for someone else, nor sacrifices his life—  
It is love, which makes this task carried out with great sincerity.

It is love, which makes one enter a blazing fire—  
It is love that makes one roll about in disgrace in the dust.

بے عشق دے، پاک شو دمن نہ پذیریم  
عشق است، کزین دامن بیکدم برہاند

85

آنکہ گوید، ابنِ مریم چوں شدی ہست او غافل، ز رازِ ایزدی  
آں خدائے قادر و ربِّ العباد در بر آہیں نامِ من مریم نہاد  
مُتے بُودم، برنگِ مریمی دست نادادہ، بہ پیرانِ زمی  
ہچو بکرے، یافتہ نشو و نس از رفیقِ راہِ حق نا آشنا  
بعد از ازاں، آں قادر و ربِّ مجید رُوحِ عیسیٰ، اندراں مریم و مید  
پس بے نقش، رنگِ دیگر شد عیاں زاد، ز اں مریم، مسیحِ ایں زماں  
زیں سبب شد ابنِ مریم، نامِ من زانکہ مریم بُود، اوّل گامِ من  
بعد از ازاں، از نفعِ حق، عیسیٰ شدم شد، ز جاعے مریمی، بر ترقّی دم  
ایں ہمہ گفت است ربُّ العالمین گرنے دانی، بر آہیں را بہیں  
حکمتِ حق، رازِ ہا دارد بے ممکنہ مستور، کم فہد کے

I do not accept that a heart can be purified without love—  
It is love, which can free suddenly from this bondage.

### (85) EXPLANATION FOR BEING SON OF MARY

*Haqiqatul Wahiy*, 1907, p. 352-353, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.22

He who says: “How did you become Son of Mary?”,—  
He is ignorant of the secret of God.

That God Who is Mighty and the Lord of mankind,  
He put down his name as Mary in the *Brāhīn*<sup>48</sup>.

For a long time I remained in the hue of Mary—  
I did not give my hand<sup>49</sup> to the saints of the earth.

I received my rearing and nurturing like a virgin—  
I remained unacquainted with a companion on the path of God—

Afterwards, that Mighty and Exalted Lord,  
Breathed the spirit of Jesus into Mary. (5)

Thus, with His breath, another hue became manifest—  
From that Mary, the Messiah of this age was born.

This became the reason for “Son of Mary” being my name—  
Because becoming Mary was my first stage.

After that, with the breath of God, I became Jesus—  
My rank became higher than the level of Mary.

All these are sayings of the Lord of the worlds—  
If you do not know it, take a look in the *Brāhīn*.

God’s wisdom contains many secrets—  
People understand these hidden points very little. (10)

فہم را، فیضانِ حق باید نخست  
کار بے فیضان، نمی آید درست  
گزنداری، فیضِ رحماں را پناہ  
ظلمتے، در ہر تدم داری، براہ  
فیضِ حق را، بالتضرع کن تلاش  
ہاں مبرو، چوں تو سنے، آہستہ باش  
اے پے تکفیر مابستہ کمر  
خانہ ات ویراں، تو در فسکرِ دگر  
صد ہزاراں کفر در جانت نہاں  
رو، چہ نالی، بہر کفر دیگر اں  
خیز و اولِ خوشن را کن درست  
نکتہ چیں را، چشمے باید نخست  
لعنتی، اگر لعنتے بر ما کند  
اُونہ بر ما، خویش را رسوا کند  
لعنتِ اہلِ جفا آساں بُوَد  
لعنتِ آں باشد کہ از رحماں بُوَد

چہ شیریں منظری، اے دستاںم  
چہ شیریں خصلتی، اے جانِ جانم  
چو دیدیم رُوئے تو، دل در تو بستم  
نماند غیسر تو، اندر جہانم  
تواں برداشتن دست از دو عالم  
مگر ہجرت بسوزد استخوانم

For understanding, the grace of God is required first—  
Any undertaking that is without grace does not come out right.

If you do not find refuge with the grace of the Gracious—  
You find darkness on every step of the way.

Seek the grace of God through humble supplication—  
Walk slowly—do not run like a wild horse.

O ye who are bent upon accusing us of infidelity—  
Your own home is laid to waste—you are concerned about others—

A hundred thousand infidelities are hidden in your own self—  
Go away! What crying do you do for the infidelities of others! (15)

Arise and put right your own self, first—  
The critic should first obtain his own eyesight!

If an accursed one throws curses upon us,  
It does not fall upon us but he disgraces himself.

The curse of the cruel people is easy—  
The curse is that which comes from the Gracious.

## **(86) ADDRESSING GOD**

*Haqiqatul Wahiy*, 1907, p. 355-456, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.22

How sweet is Thy visage, O my Beloved—  
How sweet are Thy attributes, O the life of my life.

When I saw Thy countenance, I attached my heart to Thee—  
No one else remained in the world other than Thee.

Withdrawal from the two worlds can be tolerated—  
But separation from Thee scorches my very bones.

در آتش تن، با سانی تو اس داد  
زِ بھرت جاں رُو د، با صد فغانم

87

چوں مرا، حکم از یے قوم مسیحی داده اند  
مصلحت را، این مر مر نام من بہادہ اند  
آسماں بار و نشان، اَلوقتِ میگوید میں  
اِس دوشاہِ از پے تصدیق من، استاد اند  
بے ضرورت نامہ منے آدم در غیر وقت  
در من، از جہل تو عصب قوم من افتادہ اند  
سوئے من، اے بدگماں، از بدگمانیہا میں  
فتنہ ہا، بنگر، چہ قدر ز اندر مالک ادہ اند  
چوں میں بکشو دیاراں، صد و فریق و فساد  
پس دے از بہر آں، از آسماں بچشاؤ اند

88

آنکہ آید از خدا، آید بد و نصرت دواں  
خدمت او مے کنند شمس و قمر چوں چاکراں  
صا دقاں را، از خدا، نوے عنایت میشود  
عشق آں یار از ل، متاہد اند روئے شاد  
از پے ہمہ دوی دنیا، مصیبت مے کشند  
خدا دماں بے اجرت اند پیردہ پوشان جہاں

The body can be easily consigned to the fire—  
But separation from Thee—my life ends with great wailings.

### **(87) PURPOSE OF MY ADVENT**

*Haqiqatul Wahiy*, 1907, p. 409, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.22

When the command was given to me for the Christian people—  
For the sake of expediency, my name was given as Son of Mary.

The heavens rain down the signs—the earth says: “It is the time”—  
These two witnesses are standing for my attestation.

I have not come without purpose—nor have I come at an improper time—  
My people are against me because of ignorance and prejudice.

O distrustful one, do not look at me with suspicion—  
Look at the discords which have taken hold in every country.

When the earth, O friends, opened thousands of doors for vice and mischief,  
Then a door was opened up by Him from the heavens. (5)

### **(88) THOSE WHO COME FROM GOD**

*Haqiqatul Wahiy*, 1907, p. 602-603, *Rūḥānī Khazā'in* vol.22

He who comes from God, succour comes running to him—  
The sun and the moon attend to him like servants.

For the truthful ones, light is granted from God—  
The love of that Eternal Friend shines in their countenance.

They undertake difficulties for the sake of sympathy for the world—  
They are unpaid servants and keep a veil over the world<sup>29</sup>.

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<sup>29</sup> It means that they keep the world's weaknesses and flaws under cover from exposure.

از گروہ اہلِ نَحْوَتِ لَامِ اَبالی مے زیند      بادشاہانِ دو عالم بے نیاز از عاصداں  
دلِ پیرونِ دِلستاں را بَیْرَتِ ایشاں بُود      جاں دہند از پیراں وِلد از وقتِ مِتھاں

92

آہ صد آہ، رفتِ عُمر بباد      نفسِ بد کیشِ مانشد مُنقاد  
بیچِ دُشمن، بد شمنی نکُنند      آنچہ کر دیم، ما بخود بیداد  
کافراں، مُردگانِ دِل باشند      بر نیاید ز مُردگانِ فساد  
دِل نہادِ بفسکتِ دُنیا      باز دارد، ز کار ہائے مَعاد  
شخصِ دُنیا پرست، در دُنیا      چند روزے بسر کنند، دِلشاد  
فَضْلِ حَقِّ باید و ریاضتِ سخت      تا بر آید، ز کذب و شر و فساد  
ہر کہ از شرِّ نفسِ خویش پرست  
گنہشِ طاعت است و جَورِش داد



They spend their lives unconcerned with the group of haughty ones—  
They are the kings of the two worlds—independent of the jealous ones.

Handing over their heart to the Beloved is their characteristic—  
They give up their life for the sake of that Beloved at the time of trial.

## **(92) LAMENTATION**

*Tashhidhul Adhhān*, March 1910

Grief! Great grief! Life gone by is ruined—  
Our impious self did not become subservient.

Even an enemy does not do this to an enemy—  
What we have done to ourselves as injustice.

The disbelievers—their hearts are dead—  
No lamentation comes forth from the dead—

To keep the heart busy in the affairs of the world,  
Keeps one away from the actions for the hereafter.

That person who worships the world  
He spends just a few days in the world with enjoyment. (5)

It needs God's grace and extreme striving  
So that one is saved from falsehood, evil and wickedness.

Whoever is liberated from the wickedness of one's self,  
His sin has been subdued and his harshness is justice.

ہفت کشور گز عالم بے خبر باشد چو پاک  
من ازیں عالم کہ جاناں ہم نمے اردو خبر  
گوش باید کرد قول کا ملاں در علم عقل  
گفتہ ہر ناتراشیدہ، نہ باشد معتبر  
عاقلاں را یک شارت کند در دل اثر  
جاہلاں را، دفتر صد پند ناید کارگر

### فریادِ اہلِ اسلام

درد اکہ حسن صورتِ فراق عیاں نہاند  
آں خود عیاں، مگر اثرِ عارفان نہاند  
مردم طلب کنند کہ اعجازِ آں کجاست؟  
صد درد و صد دیغ، کہ اعجازِ اں نہاند  
کوہیم و از کمالِ تغافل، بحشیم ما  
آز وئے خوب و گیسوئے عنبر نشان نہاند  
بینم کہ ہر کیے، بہ غم نفس مبتلاست  
کس را غمِ اشاعتِ فراق بجاں نہاند  
یوسف شنیدہ ام کہ شدش کا و اں معین  
ایں یوسف کہ ہر کسش کا و اں نہاند  
جانم کباب شد ز غمِ ایں کتاب پاک  
چند اں بسوختم، کہ خود امید بجاں نہاند

### **(94) A PLAINT**

*Al-Faql*, June 19, 1913

If the seven climes are unaware of my condition, so what—  
My grief is this that the Beloved is also not aware.

This saying of the masters, having knowledge and intelligence, should be  
remembered:

The statement of every unrefined person is not reliable.

For the wise, a single hint has an effect on the heart—  
For the ignorant, a hundred books of advice come to no avail.

### **(97) A PLEA TO THE MUSLIMS**

*Majmu' Ishtiharāt*, Riāḍ Hind Press, Qadian p. 126-129

Grief! The beauty of the Qur'an's countenance did not become apparent—  
It is evident by itself but there are no signs of the wise ones.

People make demands as to where is its miracle—  
A hundred sorrows and regrets that the appreciators of miracle are not there.

We are blind and through extreme ignorance, for our eyes  
That handsome countenance and fragrant locks are not there.

I see that everyone is involved in his own sorrow—  
No one has the concern for the publication of the Qur'an with all one's soul.

I have heard about Joseph that a caravan helped him—  
For this helpless Joseph<sup>30</sup>, no caravan is there. (5)

My life has been scorched with the grief for this Book—  
I have been burned so much that the very hope for life does not remain.

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<sup>30</sup> Joseph here alludes to the Holy Qur'an.

دوش اند کے مرا بنیائے شکیب بود    امشب میسر حال، کہ تاب تو اس نہ ماند  
 اے سیدالوری ابد دے وقت نصرت است    در بوستان سرائے تو کس باغبان نہ ماند  
 صد بار قصہ ہا کُنم، از خرمی اگر    بنیم کہ حُسنِ دلکشِ فراقاں نہاں نہ ماند  
 در رنج و دردِ مے گذرانیم روزگار    یارب! تر تھیکہ، و گر مہرباں نہ ماند  
 یارب! چہ بہر من، غمِ فراقِ مُقتدر است    یا خودِ دریں زمانہ، کسے از داں نہ ماند  
 دیدم کہ زاہداں رہِ فراقاں گذشتند    ناچار و ردِ لَم، اثرِ مہرِ شاں نہ ماند  
 اے خواجہ پنج روز بود، لطفِ زندگی    کس از پئے مدامِ درِ خیالِ کداں نہ ماند  
 امروز گردِ دل از پئے قرآنِ نسوزدَت    عذے و گر تر اہِ جنابِ یگاں نہ ماند  
 بگذار و درِ مثنوی و شغلِ غزل و شعر    ایں خودِ چہ چیزِ ہست، اگر قدرِ ایں نہ ماند  
 در خادِماں نشینی و صد نازِ میکنی    آنرا کہ سیدِ است، کس از خادِماں نہ ماند  
 خلق از برائے شوکتِ دنیا چہا کنند    دردِ اکہ مہرِ کعبہ، چو مہرِ مبتاں نہ ماند

اے بخیّر، بخدمتِ فراقاں کمر بہ بند

”زاں پیشتر کہ بانگِ برآید فلّاں نہ ماند“

Last night, I had a little patience for some reason—  
Tonight, do not ask about my condition as no strength and ability remains.

O the leader of creation! This is the time for help—  
In the garden of your mansion, no gardener remains.

I would dance a hundred times with happiness if  
I see that the heart-charming beauty of the Qur'an does not remain hidden.

We are spending our days in grief and pain—  
O Lord! Have mercy, as there is no other compassionate one. (10)

O Lord! Is the grief for the Qur'an destined for me—  
Or there is no one else in this age who is privy to the secrets?

I see that the pious ones have given up the way of the Qur'an—  
Regrettably, the signs of their love are gone from my heart.

O master, the joy of life lasts but only five days—  
No one remains forever in this dust bowl.

If today, your heart does not burn for the sake of the Qur'an,  
Then no other excuse of yours remains in front of the Incomparable one.

Quit the chanting of *Mathnavi*<sup>50</sup> and amusement with odes and verses—  
What are these things by themselves if the majesty of the Qur'an does not  
remain. (15)

You sit among the servants and take so much pride—  
That which is the guide—there is no one to serve it.

What things the people do for the sake of the world's pomp—  
Alas! The love of the Ka'ba does not equal as much as the love of idols.

O heedless one, get prepared for the service of the Qur'an—  
“Prior to this that the call is heard that such a such does not remain.”

## END NOTES

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- <sup>1</sup> Meaning the present world and the hereafter.
- <sup>2</sup> Gnosis is the knowledge about God and of God that is generally believed to be gained through spiritual rather than secular indulgence. It is a simplified, one-word, translation of the Arabic and Persian concepts embodied in *ʿIrfān* and *Maʿarfa*.
- <sup>3</sup> Meaning greater fear of God.
- <sup>4</sup> Refer to End Note 2 for explanation.
- <sup>5</sup> Musk is a fragrance derived from the gland of an Asian deer.
- <sup>6</sup> Ambergris is an additive in fragrances that is derived from the sperm whales.
- <sup>7</sup> Refer to End Note 2 for explanation.
- <sup>8</sup> Refer to End Note 2 for explanation.
- <sup>9</sup> Holy Flyer refers to the Angel Gabriel. The “place” refers to *Sidratul Muntaha* or the “farthest point”, beyond which no creature can advance.
- <sup>10</sup> Meaning the group of Messengers.
- <sup>11</sup> Two important functions of the Messengers or Prophets include giving of good news to the righteous and warnings to the wicked. Thus, they are commonly referred to as *Bashīr* (the bringer of good news) and *Nazīr* (the giver of warnings).
- <sup>12</sup> Not having any spiritual knowledge, these persons simply filled up books (blackened the paper) with the imperfect knowledge that they possessed.
- <sup>13</sup> A fodder tray used to feed animals.
- <sup>14</sup> Meaning the “ark of faith” that can carry a person across the stormy sea of life and of this world.
- <sup>15</sup> Alluding to one religion—meaning their own.
- <sup>16</sup> Meaning the light of the prophets.
- <sup>17</sup> The use of the word “we” here is in the form of the “royal we” and actually stands for the first person singular.
- <sup>18</sup> Refer to End Note 2 for explanation.
- <sup>19</sup> The book is *Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, in four parts, published in 1980-1982, and being the first major writing of Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup>.
- <sup>20</sup> Meaning fearful of God.
- <sup>21</sup> Meaning the faith of Islam.
- <sup>22</sup> Refer to End Note 2 for explanation.
- <sup>23</sup> ‘Umar and Zaid is an idiom in Persian, equivalent to Tom, Dick and Harry in English.

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- <sup>24</sup> Majnūn (literally meaning one who is crazed) was a legendary lover in the Middle East folklore who was madly in love with Laila.
- <sup>25</sup> Refer to End Note 2 for explanation.
- <sup>26</sup> Meaning the door from God.
- <sup>27</sup> Refer to End Note 2 for explanation.
- <sup>28</sup> The Inciting-self is that aspect of our self, which incites us towards error and sin.
- <sup>29</sup> World of secrets alludes to the world of the unseen.
- <sup>30</sup> Referring to the constant argument made by Hazrat Mirza Ghulam Ahmad<sup>as</sup> that God, Who used to speak in the olden days, still converses with His people.
- <sup>31</sup> Dust-made ones, meaning human beings that are created out of dust.
- <sup>32</sup> Alluding to the mystical viewpoint that God is hidden behind several veils and that one needs to peel these veils away before one can partake of His beauty and splendour.
- <sup>33</sup> Inspiration here means Divine inspiration that comes from God. The original Persian word used here is *ilhām*.
- <sup>34</sup> Meaning the ache of separation from the Beloved and yearning for His attention and look of grace.
- <sup>35</sup> Meaning that it will divert your attention from the true Beloved much as the idols do.
- <sup>36</sup> Partnership does not necessarily mean worshipping idols instead of God but also, in a broader sense, creating idols of other things in competition with God, such as extreme reliance on wealth and on one's own powers and faculties.
- <sup>37</sup> Meaning: falls in front of God (in prostration).
- <sup>38</sup> In the parlance of the mystics, to be annihilated on the path to God means to reach a certain stage of devotion and attachment with Him where the self (ego) of the believer is totally destroyed.
- <sup>39</sup> Dustbowl alludes to the world.
- <sup>40</sup> "Limitless" meaning God.
- <sup>41</sup> Meaning the intellect.
- <sup>42</sup> *Mathnawi* is a collection of poems of Maulawi Jalaluddin Rumi (1207-1273), a medieval Muslim mystic who wrote in the Persian language.
- <sup>43</sup> Mustafa, literally meaning the "chosen one", is a name of the Prophet Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>.

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- <sup>44</sup> Abul-Qasim, literally meaning “Father of Qasim”, was the *kuniyat* of the Prophet Muhammad<sup>sa</sup>. *Kuniyat* is like patronymic where a person is known in society as the father of such and such.
- <sup>45</sup> A piece of wool or cloth is placed inside the inkpot to allow proper inking of the pen.
- <sup>46</sup> Refer to End Note 2 for explanation.
- <sup>47</sup> Highly prized musk that is obtained from the deer from Tatar—a region located in the centre of the East European Plain (northeast of the Caspian Sea and covering the area of Volga River)..
- <sup>48</sup> Referring to *Brāhīn-e Ahmadiyya*, his first major publication.
- <sup>49</sup> Meaning: I did not perform *bai ‘at* (of allegiance) of the saints.
- <sup>50</sup> *Mathnavi* is the poetic work of Jalaluddin Rumi (1207-1273), a Persian poet and mystic.